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OR, THE  
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---

I will place within them as a Guide  
My Umpire, Conscience; whom if they will hear,  
Light after Light, well used, they shall attain,  
And to the End persisting, safe arrive.  
MILTON.

---

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
LOUISA; OR, THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR.

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V O L. II.

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CLARA AND EMMELINE  
OF THE  
MATERNAL BENEDICTION  
IN TWO VOLUMES

I will place within them a Guide  
My Darling, Confidence, when I may have  
I light their path, and lead them  
And to the land of promise, and give  
Blessings

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
LOUISA; OR, THE COTTAGE ON THE MOOR.

VOL. II.

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CLARA AND EMMELINE.

LADY ANNE DELANY

TO

LADY FERRERE.

*My Dear Aunt,*

Conway Place.

**H**OW must I apologize for my  
silence? Indeed, I know no  
compliment that can excuse my  
paresse. Well then, I'll even put  
two letters in one, to make amends;  
and you are too indulgent to your

VOL. II.

B

faucy

faucy girl, to be long angry. Suppose I begin then with the masquerade: First, Lord Ormond, who is our visitor, was dressed in a plain Spanish dress; Sir Edward, in old English; Harriet, as a girl of Patmos; Emmeline, as Rosina; and myself a la Greque. The rooms were elegant to a degree, and we had a company of near two hundred.

The masquerade began, some few cotillions were danced, some songs sung. I put myself under the protection of Lord Ormond, who offered it likewise to Emmeline; but she excused herself, saying, she would keep us in sight, and occasionally

sionally join us. I kept my eyes on her, as I had my fears, her lover (you have before heard me speak of) was there. Soon I saw a black Domino join her; they seemed to be holding a serious discourse in a low voice. Just at that moment a figure entered, that caught the eyes of the whole assembly; 'twas an Ariel; nothing could be more beautifully simple than the dress, but the graces of the person were beyond description. With a light air it walked round—it stopped at several, but no sooner had they spoke, than giving some little keen answer, it tripped on.—It came to Rosina, and the black Domino; it stopped



there. "I would, gentle spirit, you  
 "were my guardian angel," said  
 the black Domino. "I only guard  
 "the virtuous," said Ariel; and, as  
 it spoke, with a white wand touched  
 Emmeline on the shoulder—"For  
 "you, fair one, your guardian  
 "angel has left you; your evil ge-  
 "nius is at your elbow."—Em-  
 meline started, and her conductor  
 led her on. "Fair spirit, will you  
 "vouchsafe me your protection?"  
 said Lord Ormond. "You need  
 "no guide but virtue; let her ne-  
 "ver sleep."

"Do not refuse your direction to  
 "me, gentle Ariel," said I, taking  
 its

its hand, which I found trembled exceedingly; but disengaging it from me, “Conscious innocence

“ever directs Lady Anne Delany,  
“and is far more powerful than I.”

—Do you know I was never so pleased with a compliment in my life: and could have hugged the sweet spright with all my heart.

I was delighted to find it knew me, and would willingly have given a hundred pounds to have been as well informed. “Shall I be prof-

“perous in my love, gentle spirit?”

said Sir Edward. “With a woman

“of virtue you must be so; one

“blind to your merit is unworthy

“your attention”—Ariel, as well

as myself, seemed not to lose sight of Emmeline and the black Domino: she appeared sensible of it, and quitted him, and joined us. "I am not well," said she; "I will get some drops." "I shall attend you," returned I. "Farewell, spirit! I will be back instantly." "A word with you, Rosina," said Ariel in a low voice; "a few drops of prudence, in your case, will be more efficacious than hartshorn!"

I went with Emmeline into the tea-room, and ordered her some drops. She threw herself on a sofa, and burst into tears. Fortunately,



nately, all the company were in the other apartments. I was trying to soothe her, when I saw our Ariel enter. " 'Tis well," said the spright, with a firmness and hauteur that made poor Emmeline tremble. " Those tears speak struggling delicacy: one glorious effort, Rosina, and she resumes her place in your bosom. To-morrow sunrise will be too late."

'Twas with the utmost difficulty I kept the poor girl from fainting; when she was rather better, I spoke to Ariel, and entreated her to desist; —that if there was (which I did not believe) any error in her conduct,

this was no time, and she had friends who would protect her.

“ Let her keep the protection of

“ her friends then,” returned the spirit, nothing daunted—“ you say

“ this is not a time ; how little do

“ you know ! even now destruction

“ waits her, herself the willing

“ victim.—I am pained to see her

“ tears,” continued she with great

softness, but, instantly recovering,

“ desperate maladies must be as

“ desperately relieved. Farewell,

“ Lady ; farewell, Rosina ; act with

“ rectitude, and the blessing of the

“ Almighty, and a dying parent,

“ shall hover around you.”——

I cannot paint to you the manner

in

in which this was spoke: I absolutely, for a moment, thought I stood before a celestial spirit; for Emmeline, she could bear no more, but fell from the sofa, devoid of sense and motion.—The spirit absolutely gave a scream, but, recovering herself, assisted me to raise her:—"Oh! you have killed her," said I. "Heaven forbid!" returned she. "Alas! she feels not a severer pang than rankles here;" laying her hand on her breast. Emmeline began to move. "Farewell," said Ariel; "I will not shock her again." She did not wait an answer, but immediately left the room. Emmeline slowly recovered—the strange



discourse that had passed prevented me calling any one, lest it might have lessened Emmeline in their opinions. "Tell me, dear Lady Anne," said she, "is all I have heard to-night real, or is my understanding disordered? Indeed, I have not slept many, many nights." "All you have heard is certainly real," returned I; "'tis all waking certainty; but think not of it so deeply: these scenes are common at masquerades. This Ariel, no doubt, has somewhere picked up some truths, yet more falsehoods; and has rather cruelly informed you of them." "All truths;

“ truths ; alas ! Lady Anne,” re-  
 plied she, “ perhaps that spirit may  
 “ this night have snatched me from  
 “ destruction. I will not return to  
 “ the masquerade, but go to my  
 “ chamber ; and, if possible, calm  
 “ my spirits.” I saw she was ex-  
 tremely ill, so attended her, and  
 would have remained, but she en-  
 treated to be left alone. “ I have  
 “ not deserved your kindness,” said  
 she, bursting into tears : “ I am a  
 “ wretch undeserving your friend-  
 “ ship, or the affection of the best  
 “ of sisters.”—I prevailed on her  
 to lie down, and, calling her maid,  
 ordered her to wait in the next  
 room.

On my return to the masquerade rooms, I found Sir Edward looking for Emmeline very earnestly. "Where is Miss Gower, dear Madam?" said he. I informed him she was slightly indisposed, and had retired to her chamber; but desired him not to tell his sister, as it would spoil her mirth, and Emmeline would soon be better.

I mixed among the masks; Ariel was still there; the beauty of her figure drew on her the attention of the whole male part of the assembly. She no sooner saw me, than she immediately joined me. "Is  
" your



“your charge better, fair Lady?”  
 said she. I assured her she was very  
 indifferent.—As we were speaking,  
 I observed the black Domino fol-  
 lowing us with great attention: at  
 length he joined us. “What have you  
 “done with my fair Rosina, sweet  
 “spirit?” said he. “Snatched her  
 “from destruction, and the power  
 “of a libertine, who would meanly  
 “have preyed on her fortune,” re-  
 plied she, in a low voice to the  
 Domino.

“By heaven!” returned he, “I  
 “would give twenty guineas to see  
 “your face.”

“You

“ You would repent your curi-  
 osity,” said she; “ you would as  
 soon see Medusa’s; ’tis a face  
 would strike you dumb; and cause  
 even a blush on the cheeks of  
 Captain Buckley.” “ I’ll run the  
 risk,” said the Domino, and with  
 great rudeness raised his hand to her  
 face: but Lord Ormond, whom, till  
 that moment, I did not see, though  
 close to her side, stepped forward,  
 and, taking the black Domino by  
 the collar, shook him violently  
 from her. “ Dare to touch her,  
 villain!” said he, “ and in a mo-  
 ment I’ll extirpate thy soul from  
 thy worthless body.” The black  
 Domino was loud, and abusive:—

(for-

(fortunately, there were no swords worn)—if you wish more,” said Lord Ormond, taking off his own mask, “from me seek it: you will  
 “ever find me ready to punish rascality.”

A universal confusion now ensued. Sir Edward, as the black Domino still kept on his mask, went up to him; “You have,” said he, “behaved unbecoming a gentleman, in attempting a Lady’s mask: and I, as master of this  
 “house, should be glad of your absence.” The black Domino, among a volley of oaths, protested revenge, and quitted the apartment.

As



As soon as the confusion was a little over, I went to Emmeline's apartment. She was more composed; she asked me of our Ariel; I informed her she was still in the rooms: "Return to her, dear Lady Anne;" said she, "tell her I already feel how much I owe her, and will hereafter endeavour to regain my half-forfeited blessing." I obeyed her; I returned to the masquerade; I drew Ariel aside; I repeated Emmeline's message: "'Tis well," said the spirit, "my fears for her are half dissipated; and "I must away: farewell!" continued she, pressing my hand—"be watchful of Emmeline.—Alas!" "but

“ but for my severity to-night, she  
 “ had eloped with Captain Buckley.  
 “ I have saved her,—her folly is yet  
 “ unknown—lock the secret in your  
 “ breast.—Adieu! angels guide  
 “ you !”

I never felt a greater pain in my  
 life, in parting with any one, than  
 with this gentle stranger. “ Do  
 “ you leave us, sweet spirit ?” said  
 Lord Ormond, joining us. “ Yes,  
 “ my Lord,” said she, “ I have al-  
 “ ready outstaid my limits; but I  
 “ came on an errand of mercy, so  
 “ am sure of pardon. Adieu!—in  
 “ preventing the black Domino tak-  
 “ ing off my mask, you have writ-

“ ten

“ten an obligation on my heart.”  
 He entreated leave to put her in her carriage.—She gave him her hand—I held the other. “Whose carriage shall I call, Madam?” said the servant in the hall. “Ariel’s chaise, if you please,” replied she. An apparent hired chaise, without attendants, drove up to the door: it contained a muffled-up female. The gentle spirit again bid us farewell, jumped into the chaise, and was out of sight in an instant.

“Do you know her, Lord Ormond?” said I.

“Do *you* know her?” echoed he.

“I wish



“ I wish I did.”

“ You know all my female acquaintance,” said he.

“ Why, I think I do; yet she knew every body at the masquerade.”

“ Why indeed, she seemed pretty well informed; but her chief aim seemed Emmeline, and the black Domino: I think, the moment before he attempted her mask, she named him Captain Buckley: he appears a lover of Emmeline’s.”

“ Perhaps

“ Perhaps so,” returned I.

“ I should be truly sorry, were she partial to him. Sir Edward loves her, I’m sure, with the greatest tendernefs ; and, could it be a match of love, I’m sure it would be one of prudence,” said he.

In this manner we chatted back to the company, who began to talk of separating ; that, however, did not take place until seven this morning. Lord Ormond is more than usually low-spirited. I asked him, just as the company separated, if the spirit had taken his heart with her to heaven.

“ Do

"Do you expect a serious answer?" said he.

"Certainly," said I.

"Why then, Yes."

I left him to go to Emmeline, whom I found much disordered, indeed far too much to rise. I exerted my small powers of persuasion, to sooth her dejection, but in vain. "Alas!" said she, "you know not what a wretch I am; were you acquainted with my imprudence, with my ingratitude, you would as soon suffer a serpent as the wretched Emmeline before you. Oh Lady Anne,



Anne, last night, regardless of a parent's blessing, regardless of my own honour, I meant to abandon the counsel of my sister, and elope with Captain Buckley ; he was the black Domino you saw me with : the Ariel awakened me from the fascinating dream. But alas ! where can I hide me ? My reputation is for ever lost : I shall be pointed at as a monster of ingratitude to the best of sisters , and virtuous mothers will warn their daughters to shun my company—Unhappy, wretched Emmeline !”

I saw it was in vain to attempt to stem the torrent ; beside, I  
thought

thought tears might relieve her.

“ That you have been indiscreet, my dear girl, to an alarming degree, is too true ; but if it can give you any ease, I am certain your imprudence is unknown to all but Ariel : she told me this morning what you now authenticate ; and that it was a secret, bid me lock it in my bosom ; nor would I on any account have wounded you with the recital, had not yourself mentioned it ; but your freedom authorizes mine. Have you any female confidante you could suspect of this disguise to save you ? ”

“ Oh no, no. Besides, the last words Ariel repeated to me were my mother’s dying ones. My mother’s

ther's voice was peculiarly musical ; yet, at times, had a fortitude, a solemnity, that filled the hearer with awe. The voice of Ariel was so similar, that, in the delirium of the moment, methought my parent had for a while left her heavenly habitation, to save her wretched daughter. Yes, angelic being, I will henceforward think thine eye is on me, and thy Emmeline's future conduct shall not disgrace thy memory. But can that erase the past ? Oh never, never !”

Just at that instant a gentle tap announced some one at the door ; it was Emmeline's maid. “ We



did not ring," said I. "No, Madam," returned she, quite confused, "but"—"she brings me a letter," said Emmeline, blushing and half choaked with sorrow. "If so, Jane, give it Lady Anne, and leave the room."

The girl gave me the letter; I trembled for Emmeline: slave to passion, thought I, she will not withstand this poisoned draught.—She extended her hand towards me—I dreaded it was for the letter—I trembling held it towards her, she drew it hastily back: "Oh! never will I trust myself again, never will

I read a letter from or see the dangerously beloved Buckley more — No, were I in my own power, I would not, without the approbation of Clara; but if you do not too much despise me, dear Lady Anne, give me your hand; indeed, indeed, hereafter I will merit your friendship."

I threw my arms round the lovely girl, and wept as fast as herself.—

"Pardon me," said she, "for occasioning these tears; yours are the tears of sensibility — mine of bitter remorse."

After

After some minutes she seemed more composed, and hastily rising from the bed (her dress was yet on), went to the *escrutoire*.—I was silent—I attempted not to interrupt her—she took out some paper—she sat down to write; tears for some time prevented her: at length she wrote these lines, which she presented to me—“Though for some time I have acted in a manner that must ever cause a blush on my cheek, yet it is not too late to recant.—My mother, you well know, left me to the care of Mrs. Welford; and her approbation only can authorize either letters or lovers to

*Emmeline Gower.”*



I applauded the dear girl ; I told her till that moment I knew not how much I esteemed her ; that she possessed a fortitude I thought her incapable of.

“ I will not touch that dangerous letter,” said she ; “ inclose it in mine : as it is returned unopened, I hope he will send no more.” — She gave me what she had written, I inclosed the Captain’s letter in it, and rang for her maid, to give it the man, who waited at some distance from the house.

I intreated her to compose herself, that the company in the house,

nor

nor the friendly Harriet, I might not perceive her disorder:—she promised she would as much as possible.

I now insisted on her undressing and going to rest, as indeed she had much need! she acquiesced. Harriet came in soon after; I passed it off for a slight indisposition, and we soon after left her.

I think, my dear aunt, I hear you exclaim—why, after all, this mad girl has not told me any thing about the masquerade! True, dear aunt, I was so totally taken up with our

celestial friend, as to be quite regardless of mere belles and beaux, though I assure you there were plenty of both — per example — beauties, as witches; dowagers, as Graces; divorced ladies, as vestals; a dull Punch; a hobbling Mercury; a Jupiter whose thunder was in his voice; a footman, perfectly in character; a beardless Jew; a silent mountebank, with a stupid Andrew; a lawyer without a quidlibet; a physician whose understanding lay in his wig; a Romeo without love, but that's excusable you'll say, for Juliet was old, and lame; and a thousand others which

I can-



I cannot recollect.—Adieu, my dear aunt—Emmeline sends for me.

After you have perused this, inclose it to Mrs. Welford, to whom I will write a preparatory epistle.—Once more adieu, my dear aunt; take care of your health for the sake of your affectionate

ANNE DELANY.

C 4

C A P.

( 36 )

I enclose a few lines to you  
and to your mother. I hope  
you will find them interesting.  
After you have finished them,  
show them to your mother. I will  
write a few lines to you  
and to your mother. I hope  
you will find them interesting.  
I will write a few lines to you  
and to your mother. I hope  
you will find them interesting.  
I will write a few lines to you  
and to your mother. I hope  
you will find them interesting.  
I will write a few lines to you  
and to your mother. I hope  
you will find them interesting.

Yours truly,  
ANNE DELANEY.

C + C A F.

CAPTAIN BUCKLEY

T O

M R. WELFORD.

Norton.

**I**T is all over, Welford—there only remains for you and me to toss up which is the greatest fool! The devil surely first put it in my head to address a demure pufs:—by Heaven, a few scraps of sentiment from an Ariel at the masquerade,

C 5

has



has turned the girl's head, and sent our scheme to the devil. To say the truth, the confounded Ariel gave some plaguy close strokes—but how she got at the idea of the intended elopement, is miraculous.—She called me by my name, and a number of circumstances I have not patience to recapitulate now. I had seen her face but for that sentimental fool, Lord Ormond; who, I assure you, forgot his usual coolness in such a manner that I should be obliged to call him out, only I think myself unknown to him.—I wrote to Emmeline the morning after the masquerade, but my letter

was returned unopened, with some nonsense about your wife's consent. I am certain at the beginning of the entertainment she had no idea of serving me this trick; but before the evening was half over she disappeared and I saw her no more.— We were to go off about one, when the company were engaged at supper; but I had the mortification of returning by myself in the chaise and four that I had provided.

Let not this affair get wind—by Heaven, I shall be ashamed to shew my face! No greenhorns could have

been more completely duped than we have been—I shall expect to hear it bawled about “The Plotter out-plotted, or the disappointed Captain:—shewing as how a beautiful young lady was going to run away with a broken-down captain, when an angel appeared to her, and warned her to avoid him.” By heavens, we shall be the jest of the town; the men will laugh at us, and the women despise us. You may expect me nearly as soon as this. John has just been with another letter, but the maid refused to take it by her mistress’s order. That cunning little



the plague, Lady Anne Delany, is with her, and I dare say is the contriver of the whole plot against us. I suppose simple Emmeline made her the confidante of the intended elopement. Adieu—better success attend you than has the duped.

VALENTINE BUCKLEY.

LADY

the pages, Lady Anne Delany is  
with her, and I don't see the con-  
tents of the whole plot against us.  
I suppose the little Bannetins made  
her the confidante of the intended  
elopement. Adieu - better luck  
attend you than has the day.

VANESSA BUCKLEY.

LADY

LADY ANNE DELANY

T O

MRS. WELFORD.

Conway Place.

**B**Y this same post I imagine  
you will receive a letter that  
has already been with Lady Ferrere:  
but no tears, dear Clara; no cast-  
ing up your fine eyes, no reflections  
upon my charge, no such thing,  
I command: by the way, I have tref-  
passed



passed in another point — I have shewn Emmeline the letter you wrote concerning Mr. Welford insisting on your consent, and Buckley's after-promise to submit to your terms: and, believe me, that letter will be of service, as it lessens Buckley much in her opinion. He told her you had peremptorily refused him; and said you was engaged to Sir Edward: she by this means finds him capable of cool, deliberate, mean falsehood; and, believe me, when once a man loses the respect of a woman of virtue, love will soon follow. I intend to intreat the fa-  
your

your of you to let Emmeline accompany me home; she is much better than when I wrote to Lady Ferrere — apropos, I forgot a piece of news; I sincerely believe Lord Ormond is fallen in love with our Ariel at the masquerade, for he has been more melancholy than usual — he quits us to-day; I know not whether he means to go to town, or return to Selby-house. — Emmeline has this moment joined me: “ Oh,” said she, “ you are writing to my Clara — good Heaven! I can never more bear her presence; I should sink were her eyes to meet mine; she shall never again blush for me.”

She

She can say no more—tears choak  
her utterance.—Pardon me if I  
leave off writing, and insist on her  
walking round the garden. Adieu.

**ANNE DELANY.**

**MRS. S.**



MRS. WELFORD

TO

MISS GOWER.

Forest House.

**W**H Y, my dear sister, do you  
make yourself so unhappy?

You know not how you distress me  
with the idea of your being ill.—

Alas ! I have few friends ; the loss of  
my beloved Emmeline would strike  
at the root of life. Called to the

regions

regions of immortality, my Emmeline must be to Emma what I would wish to be to her, her tenderest, dearest friend. Oh, my sister! in us are the last of a family which, though it could not vaunt titles or hereditary honours, could truly boast that all its men were brave, and women virtuous. We, Emmeline, will not act below the standard—as the last, fortitude and prudence shall unite in us, and if we are unhappy, we will be nobly so; and, believe me, a consciousness of acting right will support us through the severest trials.—I am quite happy

at

at the idea of your going to Windsor with Lady Anne; I do not know a more powerful medicine against low spirits than her company; beside, it has an advantage over all others; it is a medicine universally agreeable.

I have this moment received a letter from Mr. Welford, who says it will be impossible for him to see me at the Forest, as affairs of consequence keep him in town; and desires I would come as soon as convenient. I shall set off to-morrow morning — I am truly happy to be  
 recal-



recalled, as I then shall have the pleasure (as the distance of Windsor is so small) of embracing Lady Anne, and my sister, which, believe me, will be an unspeakable delight to

CLARA WELFORD.

MR. WELFORD

T O

CAPTAIN BUCKLEY.

Harley-Street.

**W**HAT would you say now,  
Val, were I to plan you a  
scene of revenge beyond your ut-  
most hopes, and put Emmeline  
and her fortune still in your power?  
She loves you well enough, I am  
sure, to pardon a little stratagem;  
besides,

besides, once in your clutches, you may force a girl of her gentle disposition into any thing.—For the plan, then: on Clara's return, I will say you are just set off to Ireland, to take possession of a small estate left by your uncle; the gudgeon will bite, and I dare say bring Emmeline home: then we shall have a thousand opportunities of getting her into our power—set off with her immediately to Scotland; before you reach half way there, she will be glad to consent.—Should she at first be averse, which I do not believe—Hark, some one knocks—a chaise stops—



stops—oh, it is my obedient wife;  
I hasten to meet her: there's a com-  
plaisant husband for you.

---

“ Well, I am happy to see you re-  
turned, my love”—and the kiss of com-  
pliment is over—I have taken notice  
of her brat too, and won her heart.  
After dinner I pretended to be very  
low spirited, and though her tongue  
did not take the liberty, her eyes  
asked the reason. — At length I fa-  
voured her with my confidence—I  
told her my affairs were so bad  
that I could not bear her to see the  
confusion of my thoughts, so had  
sent her to the Forest; that had  
Buckley fortunately met her appro-  
VOL. II. D bation,

bation, he had promised to advance me 4000l. but as that did not happen, I was in the most cruel dilemma, and knew not which way to extricate myself. I expected a shower, but was disappointed: she paused a moment—then said, “Is there any thing in my power? Command it freely; but for Emmeline’s, that’s a sacred trust.”

I hesitated a moment: “There is something, but by heaven I blush, I cannot name it—would satisfy my creditors, and give me time to retrieve.”

“If you mean my yearly income, use it freely; I have no money that you have not a right to, that you shall not

not command : take it then, dear Sir, and if I might advise, let us retire to the country till your affairs are a little retrieved ; few servants will be needful ; you need not there keep a carriage (as you will ride on horseback), and I can do very well without." — Was ever tame pigeon more easily caught, than this simpletón ? I gave her a kiss, of thanks, and said she should guide my future conduct. I hope now to know some fortunate hours, as our luck seems turned — I say ours, for if Emmeline is not soon in your power, ever in future write down for a fool

CHARLES WELFORD.

D 2

From



*From the same to the same.*

Harley-Street.

DEAR VAL.

I HAVE just received yours, which informs me you are arrived at your lodgings. Did I not tell you our luck was turned — for Lady Anne Delany has brought Emmeline from Sir Edward's to Windfor; Lady Ferrere, who did not expect them, was come to London for a week, so they have followed her, and the three sister Sentiments have had a meeting, and fine piping there has been among them: Clara,

I sup-

I suppose, cried for pity; Emmeline, I dare swear, for disappointment; and Lady Anne's, I suppose, would be termed tears of sensibility: but of this enough — Mrs. Welford and Emmeline go to the opera to-night; now have you no scheme to pay back your late disappointment? — Why faith you are as dull in this business as if the wife was old and the fortune in the hands of an attorney; then learn and improve. — In returning from the opera (as they go in chairs) Clara, you know, as a matron, will take the lead; Emmeline's chair will follow (her servant is not come from Windsor); now I will find two honest fellows (Irish

D 3

chair-

chairmen), who may be employed in this business without any body knowing I have a hand in the matter; let these turn another way with Emmeline, and carry her to some place of safety; and as soon as possible set off with her to Scotland—the force of love will excuse you; and let me alone with Clara, whom I must not disoblige till I get the deed secure, so you may expect I shall be very angry with you—be ready to meet Emmeline's chair, and direct the men. *Bon voyage.*

CHARLES WELFORD.

M I S S



## MISS GOWER

TO

LADY ANNE DELANY.

Harley-Street.

**O**H, Lady Anne, the wretched Emmeline is distracted! Why did I go to the opera without you? My sister by some means is not come home — her chair and mine were both called; hers came immediately up; — too fond of the unworthy Emmeline, she insisted on my getting in, and she would talk to some

D 4

ladies

ladies of her acquaintance till mine arrived. As I entered, I heard the cry that it was coming, and expected she was following, but have not since seen her. — Oh, Lady Anne! my dear Clara has fell in some snare, perhaps designed for me. — The wicked Emmeline, in return for her tendernefs, occasions her the bitterest misfortunes: I cannot exist if she is not found. Mr. Welford, on my arrival from the Opera, shewed the most manifest tokens of surprise, asked for my sister, and not finding she came, went out in a great passion.

passion. Fly to me instantly, and advise me where to seek her; for on her safety depends the life of

EMMELINE GOWER.

D O — L A D Y



L A D Y F E R R E R E

T O

M I S S G O W E R .

Portman-Square.

**M**Y niece would instantly have waited on Miss Gower, but has been employing Sir Edward Conway and Lord Ormond (who are fortunately returned from the country, and at my house this evening) to go in pursuit of Mrs. Welford. — Lord Ormond is gone,

I

and

and Sir Edward going, and would before, but a strange servant, with such a peremptory message, to see Lady Anne alone, prevented him, as he has hopes it may be some news.—Lady Anne returns—joy! joy! Sir Edward's forebodings were right — the servant leads him to the place — a short time will bring your sister to your arms: Lady Anne too comes as soon as the carriage can get round.

FERRERE.

D 6

LADY

LADY ANNE DELANY

TO

LADY FERRERE.

Harley-Street.

**M**Y dear Aunt will, I hope, excuse my staying to-night at Mrs. Welford's; as it is impossible for me either to bring Emmeline home, or to leave her, she is so affected: I hurried the man so, that I reached her before your note: she



was kneeling by little sleeping Emma, weeping with bitterness — her sobs awakened the little innocent. — “ Why,” said she, “ does dear aunt Emmeline cry?” The poor child caught the words “ lost and gone:” “ What,” said she, “ is mamma gone to heaven and left Emma behind?” so saying, the infant burst into tears — “ Oh, I will be good, do not let mamma go without me.” Amidst all this confusion, I had enough to do to make Emmeline hear that I had news of her sister; and I absolutely thought the excess of her joy would be dangerous;

A loud

A loud knock at the door made us all run down; little Emma, whom I was trying to console, was in my arms; Emmeline got down first, just at the moment that Sir Edward and Mrs. Welford entered the hall. "Oh, my sister! Oh, Sir Edward!" the sisters were instantly in each other's arms. "Thank Sir Edward, Emmeline, for my safety, for to him you owe it," said Mrs. Welford. The poor girl, in the wildness of her joy absolutely embraced him, and sunk into violent hysterics. — We had her carried up stairs and put to bed, she is now something better: I write this by  
her

her side.—A loud knock. Welford,  
I suppose—I will see his meeting  
with his lovely wife.

---

Welford met her with a sullen,  
cool complaisance, which, in my  
idea, is the height of insult : he hard-  
ly thanked Sir Edward, and never  
asked after Emmeline; but the poor  
girl sends for me, and you must  
excuse your

ANNE DELANY.

CAPTAIN



CAPTAIN BUCKLEY

---

T O

CAPTAIN FREEMAN.

Pall-Mall.

**H**enceforward I give up all  
womankind; the hazard  
table shall reign unrivalled in my  
heart.—Twice have I been duped,  
I'll beware the third time; though  
the last was so pleasing a deception,  
that I had no quarrel to any thing  
but

but its short duration.—That blundering fool, Welford, planned, in his opinion, a very fine scheme for me to carry off Emmeline from the opera: instead of which, by some means, Mrs. Welford and she changed chairs, and I carried off his wife: oh! it is an excellent joke. I had got a convenient house, ready to receive the lady, and a chaise ordered at one o'clock in the morning, to set off for Scotland.

I waited, and heard Mrs. Welford's and Emmeline's chairs called; Mrs. Welford's, as I thought, immediately

mediately came out, her servant before the chair; Emmeline, as I imagined, followed.—I spoke to the chairmen in a low voice (they were already instructed), and bid them follow me; the fellows obeyed: for Clara, she never found the deception, until she saw herself in a strange hall. She started, as the chair opened, “ Good God ! what strange mistake is this ? ” said she. I appeared before her ; but when I saw it was Mrs. Welford, by Heaven, my amazement was equal to her own. I offered her my hand, to lead her to the parlour. “ No Sir,” said she, “ as I fancy here has been  
some



some mistake, I hope you will at least order your agents to carry me home." I paused a moment.

I have ever really loved Mrs. Welford; the charmer in my power, could I so tamely give her up?—

"Favour me, madam," said I, again offering my hand, "with a moment's audience; I flatter myself I shall no longer appear so culpable."

"You need no explanations to me," returned she, with great disdain;

"to Mr. Welford they may be necessary." "By heavens," returned

I, "to yourself only they are necessary; Mr. Welford neither merits, nor shall have any from me." I

has

gave

gave the men a sign, and they immediately left the place.—“What do you mean?” said she, turning pale; “slightly as you speak of Mr. Welford, he will revenge this insolence.” “I can explain nothing here, walk into this apartment, madam; you have nothing to dread from me.” “Lead the way, sir; excuse my hand; I give it not but in friendship; and does Captain Buckley deserve a sentiment of that kind from the wife of Welford, and the sister of Emmeline?” We entered the parlour, I threw myself at her feet: she gave me such a frown! (I have often heard Welford say she had her mother’s smile, and

and her father's frown) that for some moments it struck me dumb. At length recovering myself, and presenting Welford's letters, which I happened to have in my pocket-book, "Read these, madam," said I, "you know the hand; see if I am the culpable wretch you imagine." She took them—her eye glanced on the directions. "If," returned she, "these contain any thing to degrade Mr. Welford, do you act a friend's part, to expose them? Still less would it be an action worthy me, to read them. If, as you seem to hint, they are unworthy him, they are unfit for me; and I use  
 them



them as every woman ought, who respects her own peace, and her husband's honour." Thus saying, she threw them behind the fire, and they were consumed in an instant.

"If you have nothing more material, Sir, permit me to return home; I am sure Mr. Welford will not thank you for thus detaining me; some watchman will tell me what part of the town I am in, and instruct me homeward." "It must not be, madam," returned I; "you must not think me so culpable; 'twas at Welford's intercession that ever I addressed Emmeline; my heart has long been, in spite of myself,

self, only Clara's : Oh ! madam, regard me with an eye of pity, or I die before you."

She absolutely laughed : " For heaven's sake, Captain, practise none of your fooleries to me ; it is not necessary I should despise you more, indeed 'tis impossible." I did not feel myself inclined to be thus treated by a woman totally in my power : " A different mode of behaviour would be most likely to win me to your purpose," said I, with some heat. " Welford, I thank him, has put you in my power, and his and all the powers of hell, shall not regain you."

" I am

“I am not,” returned she, “to learn Captain Buckley is a villain; but he is yet to be informed, that Clara fears not villains; she may feel a sentiment of disdain, but, in this case, cannot one of fear: so order your wretches to open the doors, for I will not stay.” I determined once more to attempt to soften her, and was in the midst of a pathetic speech, humbly uttered on my knees, when a violent knock disturbed me from my humble posture. The old woman opened the street-door (my rascal was not to be found since he attended me to the opera to wait for Emmeline).

A stran-



A stranger rushed in, and the words, Mrs. Welford, were audible into the parlour: she strove to get to the door; I held her in my arms; she screamed; the parlour-door gave way; the stranger burst in, and presented to my astonished eyes Sir Edward Conway. "What business have you in my house?" said I. "What business have you to detain this lady?" returned he: "the favour, I know, was designed for Miss Gower: villain as you are, when you found your mistake, why did you not restore her to her friends?" "In what character, Sir Edward," said I, with great *sang froid*, "do you ask questions, Vol. II. E husband,

husband, brother, or lover ?” “ I with with all my soul that one of those characters did empower me to treat you as I feel inclined,” replied he; “ but I detain you, madam: my carriage is within a few doors, and if this gentleman does not quietly give you up, he shall be obliged.” “ You have no right to slur my reputation by such a surmise,” said I; “ Mrs. Welford only waited until a coach could be procured, and, with her permission, I will conduct her to Mr. Welford.” “ I thank you, Sir,” said she, with great haughtiness, “ I have a conductor, on whom I can safely rely,  
of

of whose honour I have no doubt." Thus saying, she gave her hand to Sir Edward, and I was left behind, the most simple figure in the universe. How the plague is all these matters? The elopement was discovered, but that I ever blamed Emmeline, and thought she had a confidant; but in this affair, 'tis almost a miracle. Welford did not know the house I meant to take Emmeline to; so I can suspect no one but that rascal John. On my return to my lodgings, I accused him with it; he scarcely took the pains to deny it, but desired if I did not approve him, I would pay, and send him about his



business; that, at present, is not convenient. Mr. Welford has been at my lodgings; he, however, dare not complain: the scheme was his own; besides, he owes me a thousand pounds, which I intended to demand, and though a debt of honour, I have his bond for it. I have wrote this, instead of going to bed; the occurrences of last night drove sleep from my eyes, and, to say the truth, have left a scene of confusion in the brain of

VALENTINE BUCKLEY.

M R S.

MRS. WELFORD

TO

LADY ANNE DELANY.

Harley-Street.

**M**Y mind, my dear Lady Anne, is much easier since your return to Windsor. With Lady Ferrere and yourself I think my Emeline safe. I have not, my friend, mentioned Buckley's impertinence to Mr. Welford, fearing serious

consequences: at breakfast the servant brought him a letter (I knew 'twas Buckley's hand), at which he seemed much discomposed, but I could not venture to ask the reason. Oh, Lady Anne, how very flattering an idea had I once of the marriage state! I thought there were no separate joys, or single sorrows, that all were reciprocal; but that must be, my friend, where there is a similarity of sentiment, and union of soul, as well as joining of hands. Hark! I have some visitors, I know not whom; but they are admitted: adieu for a while

"Twas



'Twas Sir Edward Conway; he tells me he is coming to Windsor, and that he cannot persuade Harriet to come to town till after Christmas; she is cruel to deprive her friends of her company. Sir Edward too has been entreating my permission to address Emmeline: I told him he must take an answer to that request from herself; that I would not deny I should be happy to call him brother, if he met my sister's approbation.

Sir Edward has likewise promised me to find some situation for

the servant of Captain Buckley; for to him, I was obliged for my deliverance from the power of a villain. You, I now remember, asked me how the man came to be so conscientious? that you had ever imagined "like master, like man;" why, my dear, 'tis too long a tale to tell now; suffice it, 'tis not the first service that poor fellow has rendered me.

Present my respects to Lady Ferrere. And to yourself and Emmeline, I give the tenderest wishes that warm the heart of

CLARA WELFORD.

M. R.

MR. WELFORD

To

MRS. WELFORD.

DEAR CLARA,

I KNOW not whether you recollect me receiving a letter at breakfast; 'twas a demand of money from that unmasked villain Buckley: I went immediately to his lodgings; his treatment was insufferable: I obliged him to go with

E 5

me



me to Hyde Park ; we fired two pistols each ; I fortunately escaped any wound ; but Buckley has a bullet lodged near the shoulder ; and, as the surgeon thinks him in some danger, 'tis best I go for a short time to Calais : you know we were talking some days since of your yearly income, if you could raise some money and remit it, it shall be regarded as a favor by

CHARLES WELFORD.

M R S.

M R S. W E L F O R D

T O

L A D Y A N N E D E L A N Y.

Harley-Street.

**M**Y dear Lady Anne, sure the misfortunes of the wretched Clara will never cease; but read Welford's letter: Good Heaven! how do I raise my eyes with thanks, (wretched as I am), that I did not acquaint him with Buckley's beha-

E 6

viour.

viour. The quarrel has apparently been about money. I have already sent to an attorney about the supply Mr. Welford wishes; he promises me an answer in the afternoon. Break this affair, my friend, gently to Emmeline: may peace be round her, and save her heart from ever feeling pangs like those of

CLARA WELFORD.

MISS



M I S S G O W E R

T O

L A D Y A N N E D E L A N Y.

Harley-Street.

**I** KEEP my promise, my sweet friend; the first moment I could spare, I give to friendship. I cannot paint to you my sister's surprise on my arrival—she flew to meet me; both were some minutes unable to speak; at length I told her nothing  
should

should keep me away while she was  
 unhappy; that you would have  
 come, but Lady Ferrere was in-  
 disposed.—“ Oh, Emmeline!” said  
 she, “ you too are unhappy, but  
 indeed Buckley is a villain: did you  
 know the discourse he dared affront  
 me with, the night I was taken to  
 his vile house.”—I interrupted her,  
 said you had informed me as she  
 told it you; that I should ever  
 look to heaven, with thanks that  
 I escaped him; yet, dear Lady  
 Anne, I still feel he has an interest  
 in my heart: I should rejoice, my  
 friend, to hear he was better, yet  
 I am convinced he is a bad man;  
 and

and love shall never more do violence to my reason.

I have been insisting on Clara's using some of my fortune, which is in her power, for Mr. Welford; but she has peremptorily refused; and the lawyer is now with her, and is to have her writings on advancing two thousand pounds. Hark! the door shuts — he has left her — I go to attempt to relieve her by my presence from melancholy.

---

My sister this morning gave the lawyer the writings; and to-morrow



tomorrow morning she is to have the money: she is quite impatient on Mr. Welford's account; I have seen her several times fix her eyes on Emma, and burst into tears — there is now no provision left for my amiable sister, or her little innocent; but Clara shall share that fortune which she preserved — I will learn now to value it, as it may be of service to her — I am interrupted again — excuse me a while. —

---

Sure, the strangest adventure,  
 Lady Anne — the lawyer has brought  
 the money and returned the writ-  
 5 ings!

ings ! The money, he says, is advanced by a Mr. Powis, a gentleman of whom he knows but little: he refused the writings, but said, he would send yearly for the interest. I fancy you will think, as I do, it is an almost unheard-of generous action. My sister has just received a letter from Welford; he is rather indifferent, from having a bad passage — we too have heard Buckley is worse. Adieu, my dear friend; pray for Clara, and your

EMMELINE GOWER.

M R S.

MRS. WELFORD

Te

MR. WELFORD.

Harley-Street.

**T**HOUGH perhaps, my dear  
Mr. Welford, I cannot al-  
leviate your uneasiness, yet, believe  
me, the heart of Clara shares ever a  
portion of your sorrows. The com-  
pany of a sincere friend might de-  
prive you of some uneasy moments:  
permit



permit me then to come to you, and try by tenderness to render your situation less irksome. My sister Emmeline is with me; she will attend to Emma; so I only wait your commands to join you. I remit you a thousand pounds.—Write immediately, and ease the heart of

CLARA WELFORD.

MISS

MISS GOWER.

TO

LADY ANNE DELANY.

Harley-Street.

**M**Y sister this morning has sent again for the lawyer; and as he would not have the writings, she has made him take back a thousand pounds for this Mr. Powis, who, he says, is gone for some months to Scotland. The other is sent to Mr. Welford—The servant interrupts me—

me—he brings me a letter.—Adieu,  
a moment.

---

Good heaven! my dear Lady Anne, it is a letter from Buckley—indeed I did not know the poor unhappy man's hand: pardon the tears that stain my paper; they are given to humanity, not to love. I will not shew it Clara—she, alas! has a mind enough disturbed.—Adieu, my friend; this letter has rendered me incapable of writing. I inclose it.

EMMELINE GOWER.

CAPTAIN



CAPTAIN BUCKLEY

TO

MISS GOWER

MADAM,

**F**OR the last time, my fingers bend to retain a pen, and falsehood and the flattering ideas of fortune are fled together—I ever, Madam, admired your person and amiable disposition; but that sentiment was very different from love—Your fortune was desirable—and, at the  
continual

continual instigation of Welford, it was, I pursued you — for I really loved, in spite of my then friendship for himself, in spite of the severity of her virtue, your charming sister; nor did I despair but the continual neglect of Welford, and his known intimacy with the most infamous female characters, might some time dispose her in my favour: and I cannot say but I triumphed, to find her in my power instead of yourself. That affair was intirely of his concerting — if I could have persuaded you to espouse me, he was to share your fortune. Your amiable sister's income is devoted — he has  
 already

already gained her to give him her promise, but let her beware — I feel a momentary ease in the idea of snatching her from destruction. — It is a duty she owes herself, to break her word ; and the money (should she raise it) will be expended with one as infamous as she is virtuous ; and whose power is as great with Welford as his has ever been arbitrary with his lovely wife. You are now apprized — it was a justice I owed you, and a reparation I wished to make, before death closed the eyes of

VALENTINE BUCKLEY.

S I R



SIR EDWARD CONWAY

T •

LORD ORMOND.

Portman-Square,

**W**H Y, dear Henry, will you thus court solitude? I am sure it is not Selby-House, or the now dreary walks of the Forest, that will restore your long-lost cheerfulness. Your departure was quite unexpected: on my calling at your town-house, I was absolutely amazed.—I know not whether you have

VOL. II.

F

heard

heard the news; Welford has had a meeting with Buckley, and the latter is dangerously wounded.—

Strange! that he should put up with the insult offered his wife, and yet fight for a paltry sum of money!—Since the night of the fortunate rescue of Mrs. Welford, I flatter myself the lovely Emmeline treats me with less distance—I have been to Windsor to pay Lady Anne and her my compliments: she is now in London with her sister; for Welford is said to be gone to France. How has this man thrown a real blessing from him for a delusive evil! His time has been squandered  
between

between the gaming table and women whose persons are as inferior to Clara's as her mind is superior to the common level.

I have called every day on Mrs. Welford, but was not admitted till yesterday. Emmeline's cheeks were stained with tears, while her sister had an air of serious tranquillity, that was a thousand times more interesting than sorrow. — “Your friendship, Sir Edward, will excuse our not seeing you before,” said she; “but business of Mr. Welford's, and a rather uneasy state of mind, made me prefer being alone. I have,

F 2                      though



though unwillingly, infected my Emmeline with melancholy." —

"Indeed no," returned she; "you conceal your feelings, and they prey on your health; mine find relief in tears." "My spirits are indeed hurt," replied she, "as I would not have the blood of that bad man on Welford for worlds! Good Heaven! a point of false honour—a difference of opinion — nay, perhaps an odd trick at cards, or a hundred things as trivial, shall raise such an enmity in men, that nothing but blood can make an expiation. Surely quarrelling for trifles, does not confirm their superiority; nor agonizing

nizing a heart depending on them, fulfil the tendernefs they teach us to expect." " But, my dear madam, in some cafes it is impoffible to avoid it," returned I: " fuppose a man of honour affronted, would you have him fit tamely down, and wait a fecond infult?" " A man of honour, I fhould fuppose," faid fhe, " would ever felect his company; the casual affront of a wretch, I fhould think beft answered with difdain."

" I can not be polite enough, madam" replied I, " to tell you, I am of your opinion: what fay you, Mifs Gower, fhould you not

despise a man that would calmly take an affront?" "No, indeed," said she, "many of those points you gentlemen term honour would sink before me at the bare idea of blood — and I would much sooner, should I ever marry, the world should say, my husband failed in a punctilio of honour, than they should applaud his valour, when by his antagonist sent to an untimely tomb."

"Oh, I give up the dispute, Ladies; I must not listen to so dangerous a doctrine, from such persuasive lips; I shall be transformed into a coward before I am aware."

"No danger," said Emmeline,

"Sir



“ Sir Edward will ever possess the courage of a man of honour.”

Thus, Ormond, we chatted away the morning: I intreated leave to call sometimes, and it was granted. Adieu, my friend; I wish you were in London, that I might tell you in person how sincerely I am yours,

EDWARD CONWAY.

LORD ORMOND

TO

SIR EDWARD CONWAY.

Selby-House.

I Have such a listless inactivity about me, Conway, that I assure you, I do force to myself in attempting to write — yet I am not senseless to the feelings of friendship, nor dead to the more torturing ones of love — waking or sleeping, Clara is

is ever before me; the unhappiness of her situation makes her a thousand times more interesting — I frequently think, had she been wedded to a man who placed a proper value on her virtues (though I should have loved her equally), I should have been less unhappy — but to know the woman who is dearer to me than life, is in the power of a villain, requires a greater stock of philosophy to bear, than I can boast of.

I am happy it was your fate to take her from Buckley; I should not have been master enough of my



temper — and perhaps in the first moments acted in a manner that might have given cause to suspect my smothered flame — and by that means have lost the innocent familiarity with which she treats me. By heaven! I should in that case have saved Welford the trouble, — and killed that rascal in mere revenge.

I need not intreat you, Edward, to visit Clara often (your own passion for Emmeline is a more powerful pleader than I): watch her looks; I am sure she has many hidden troubles, but Clara has a proud heart, and an objection to being obliged.

Had she been mine, her lips should never have requested; I would have stolen the information from her eyes, and surprised her with her wishes! — Oh, Conway! — pity my weakness — she is a thousand times dearer than ever. I have not resolution to go abroad — I cannot stay in London — the country is irksome — in short, the whole world is a chaos, from which my eyes ever turn, with my thoughts into my heart, and present the beloved object. — Forget not, my friend, the servant of Buckley that came to Lady Anne Delany's with the news: let him be well provided for — it

would perhaps hurt Clara's delicacy, were she to think I noticed him.— That affair has an air of mystery—it was plain, by your account, and Lady Anne's, that he thought his master had carried off Emmeline: and was it not strange, he did not go to Welford's, to acquaint Clara, instead of Lady Anne? Poor fellow; he shall be recompensed—but in this business you must only be the agent of

HENRY ORMOND.

M R.



MR. MONSON

• T •

MRS. WELFORD.

Calais.

MADAM,

I Should rather require the pen  
of long-established friendship;  
than one whose traits you never  
saw before. The tongue of friend-  
ship, as it wounds, administers oil;  
but mine, alas, can only wound!—

Pardon,

Pardon, then, a stranger, who has himself known many sorrows, for being the first that wounded your ear, with the evil tidings necessity obliges me to relate.

Mr. Welford, some days since, was in company, part English and part French, when the discourse turned on races, and the goodness of horses — Mr. Welford unfortunately praised one he has had sent over: an English gentleman offered any wager, that his horse would beat him, and that himself would ride.

Mr.

Mr. Welford accepted the bet, and adopted the other's method, of riding for himself. I would, madam, you had this information from any one else; I cannot agonize the heart of a fellow creature, without a sympathizing pang. Mr. Welford unfortunately received a fall, which is much feared will have serious consequences. As his countryman, I have visited him, and think it proper to acquaint you; and as your presence may be necessary to his peace, intreat you to come with all speed.

Pardon, madam, any omission in this — I sympathize with you;  
and



and trust you will find consolation,  
by the mercy of that Power, that  
has alleviated the bitter anguish  
of

GEORGE MONSON.

MISS

MISS GOWER

T •

LADY ANNE DELANY.

Harley-Street.

**W**ITH this, my dear Lady  
Anne, you will receive a  
melancholy letter — My sister sets  
off immediately to France: and in  
open defiance to her absolute com-  
mands, I accompany her. Cruel  
Clara! to think I would trust her  
alone

alone to the dangers of the sea.—  
 I absolutely tremble for her : — the  
 many troubles she has lately met with  
 will crush her delicate frame ; and  
 she will perhaps be snatched from  
 me just as I become acquainted  
 with her value.

We send you, my friend, our little  
 Emma : I proposed it to my sister,  
 who thanked me for the thought ;  
 and has since been more reconciled  
 to my accompanying her. Sir Ed-  
 ward has just been here ; he intreat-  
 ed permission to attend us, but  
 Clara peremptorily refused : and he  
 took his leave with chagrin. —

There



There is a candour, a friendship in his behaviour, that I admire. Pray, my friend, for pardon for the unhappy Welford.—We are instantly setting off.—Adieu.

EMMELINE GOWER.

*From*

*From the same to the same.*

Calais.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

**W**E arrived in safety eight days  
since at Calais; but, alas!  
too late for the purpose we came  
upon—poor unhappy Welford ex-  
pired the night before! Clara is  
extremely melancholy: I this morn-  
ing gently upbraided her sorrow;  
she gave me a look of reproach—  
“Good Heaven!” said she, “can  
I avoid a tear to the memory of  
the

the father of Emma—to a man cut off in the prime of life?—Let his faults cease to be remembered!—O Father of mercies, let them be erased—spare him from the crime of blood.—May the suddenness of his end excuse his want of preparation.”——The only visitor we receive is the Mr. Monson who wrote my sister the account: he is the most amiable old man I ever saw—the first moment we met, his looks inspired me with love, respect, and veneration.—He has been an officer: he told Clara this morning, that he was returning home, and would (with her permission) accompany her.



her. She accepted his offer with pleasure: and I suppose in about a month or six weeks you may expect to see us. I shall write a letter to Harriet Conway in a post or two, so you must not expect to hear from me again. Send me word if Buckley lives. Adieu, my friend.

EMMELINE GOWER.

M. I S S

MISS GOWER

TO

MISS CONWAY.

Calais.

DEAREST HARRIET,

**T**HE close attendance that has been necessary to my sister, will to you I am sure plead an excuse for my silence. I know not what we should have done but for the kind attention of a Mr. Monson, who has ordered every thing necessary, and sent the body of Mr. Welford

ford to England. Had these cares fallen on my sister, she would never have been able to support it. The good old man yesterday said he would cheat her of a few tears, and for that purpose told her his story, though it was plain he meant it only to beguile her sorrow for a short time.—Now, Harriet, suppose I give it you as an expiation for my long silence, and nearly as I can in his own words.

“ I am the third and youngest son of a nobleman of tolerable fortune; as two youngest were in the army,  
and



and left truly to *la fortune de la guerre*; for my father thought only of enlarging the fortune of his heir. — We were at the battle of Dettingen, and fought side by side; and though we received several wounds, were fortunate enough to return home with whole limbs and cheerful countenances. My father received us with the politeness of a gentleman, but without the tenderness of a parent; my elder brother was sensible of his superiority in point of fortune, and treated us rather as dependants than brothers. For three years we remained at home, then determined to quit a

place in which we were not welcome guests.—

We came to a village near London, and boarded at the house of a clergyman for four years: he had two daughters perfectly amiable, Caroline and Eliza; they were something younger than ourselves: and you will not, I fancy, think it strange that, being often together, love stole imperceptibly into our hearts. My brother was seldom to be seen without Caroline; and Eliza and myself were equally attentive to each other. Our attachment was not lost upon Mr. Belfont (the clergy-

clergyman). He drew us one day aside; "I have observed" said he, "that mutual inclination exists between yourselves and my daughters; shall I own, I am sorry to say I cannot give them a fortune worthy your acceptance; without which your father, I am sure, would never give his consent; and you, I hope, are too prudent to marry without. In the bustle of war, my friends, you will forget this youthful attachment; and my daughters have hitherto given me such proof of their obedience, that I will not doubt their exertions to conquer a passion which must inevitably make them unhappy."



“ I know no reason,” said my brother, “ why we should consult my father; to us, you will allow, he scarcely acts a parent’s part ; and surely, the virtues of Caroline and Eliza might command better fortunes than appertain to poor fellows who have only commissions to depend on ; so, Mr. Belfont, if you will accept us, we will seek no farther, but, in excess of affection, make up to your daughters our want of fortunes.” “ I am sorry, young gentleman,” returned he, “ you hold your father’s displeasure at so cheap a rate ; if he has been wanting in attention, be not you  
I
wanting

wanting in duty : if you choofe, ask his consent ; obtain that, mine fhall follow : a thoufand pounds a-piece is all I can give my girls ; if you fail, do not think me unkind, if I infift a few years pafs before you think of marriage, at leaft with my children. I will never force, nor even perfuade them to act contrary to their inclinations ; and they are, I trust, too dutiful to act in a cafe of fuch moment without my approbation." It was in vain to attempt to change Mr. Belfont's purpofe ; and Caroline and Eliza, though they protefted they would never marry any other, yet declared they would

not accept us contrary to his advice. Thus situated, there was no alternative—we applied to my father personally, we entreated his consent in the most submissive terms; you will, I suppose, guess we met no favourable answer. “Your brother” said he, “though heir to my estate, thinks it necessary to seek a woman of large fortune, and is speedily to marry one that equals his expectancies: I have given you both good commissions, I cannot ruin the estate to do more; and I fancy you will find your pay inadequate to the maintenance of wives and children: you have good persons and a good family to recom-



recommend you ; seek, then, matches that may mend your fortunes, not mar them." Imagine every thing said that young men in love were capable of, but in vain ; my father was inflexible, and we returned to Mr. Belfont's with heavy hearts.—

And to complete all, the weekafter, we were ordered to join our regiment in six-weeks, (as war was declared), which time was spent in mutual protestations and vows of everlasting fidelity. We then departed and remained abroad six years, for we returned not until after the taking of Quebec : often did we

hear of our beloved girls, but alas ! the good old Belfont, on our return, was no more. My father had likewise paid the debt of nature, and my brother had been married some time, during which he had been father to two sons, who were both dead. On our arrival, our first visit was to Caroline and Eliza—good heaven, what a meeting ! time had matured their charms ; the elder was then about twenty-six, and Eliza was a year younger. William was in his thirty-first year, and myself thirty ; we had no father to consult (Mr. Belfont left us his blessing), and the second week after

our

our arrival were married. My elder brother chose to write us a very severe letter, in which he did not scruple to say we had disgraced our family :—we answered it as keenly, and an open rupture took place. He said many cruel things I forbear to repeat, as he is now no more :—those however were no alloy to our happiness. About a year after we were married my Eliza presented me a son; and two months after, Caroline made me likewise an uncle. Mr. Belfont had a brother that was in the mercantile line; he had an only daughter, to whom he intended to bequeath his fortune; he sent for



my brother and myself: "you are young men," said he, "and likely to have large families; I am going to quit business, you at present lead inactive lives (it was then peace), what think you if I advance you a few thousands? Dispose of your commissions, and try your fortunes in the way I have made mine."—The offer was too flattering to be refused; we obeyed the old gentleman, and sold our commissions, and commenced, with his assistance, merchants. Business went on thrivingly for many years, until the unhappy divisions of England and America, by which we sustained many heavy losses;

losses; my uncle, whom we had repaid long since, with great goodness was ever ready to advance us whatever might be needful to maintain our credit. But in about a year after the American war broke out, we had the misfortune to lose him. My elder brother we had not seen for some years; he had one only daughter, a year younger than my son, who was named William after his uncle, and his boy, George, after myself.—

Our sons were at Winchester school till about their eighteenth year: one evening as they were walking, they observed some of their

fellow students behave very rudely to two young ladies that appeared of rank, though unguarded, and walking to enjoy the freshness of the evening.—William and George flew to their assistance, and soon obliged those rude companions to quit them. The youngest of the ladies, who was extremely amiable, thanked my son repeatedly, and intreated him to tell her to whom she was obliged: he mentioned his name, she started—“and this gentleman, is he your relation?” said she (pointing to George) “Custom, madam,” said William, “makes me call him cousin, but in my heart he has the

G 6      interest



interest of a brother." The lady extended her hands, "take each one, dear cousins, and in me see your elder uncle's daughter: why am I debarred from such relations? why do I not know their parents? their mothers should supply the loss of mine (her who is dead). Oh! father, I never felt you cruel until now."—The lads saw their cousin home, who I suppose informed her father of what had passed—instead of being the least pleased at the service they did his amiable daughter, he moved her to another seat he had, to prevent her seeing them again.

—Our sons soon after came to  
London;

London—our affairs were a good deal on the decline ; for the frequent losses we met, and want of our friendly uncle's assistance, were heavy blows. Our lads were ever intreating to be permitted to serve their country, in America—their mothers were averse ; beside it was really inconvenient to purchase commissions. Cruel as my brother had been, we determined to apply to him ; he refused, saying, he supposed in a few years, should he procure them commissions, they would be sold to follow some paltry trade, as their fathers had done.—Things were in this situation, when one morning

morning the servant announced a  
 strange lady ; my wife desired her to  
 be shewn up stairs ; the lady enter-  
 ed — she was about seventeen, and  
 altogether one of the most charming  
 figures I ever saw. William and  
 and George instantly advanced to-  
 wards her ; “ oh ! ’tis my charming  
 cousin, said George ; ” — William was  
 silent, but his face underwent a  
 number of changes, from red to  
 deadly paleness. She embraced our  
 wives ; she came to my brother and  
 myself ; “ I am hurt, my dear uncles,  
 that such an unhappy coolness sub-  
 sists between my father and your-  
 selves ; but time, I trust, will remove  
 it. —



it.—I was sensibly wounded he refused to get the commissions; yet I believe it was not in his power, or he certainly would.—Pardon me then the liberty I have taken; I informed my mother's brother (who has great interest) of the whole affair; he granted my request, he has procured the commissions at my intercession. I then entreated him to trust me with the conveyance; in that he has likewise humoured me; I now bring them, and may my cousins return fortunate and happy."

—She produced them: George was in raptures; for William, I scarcely ever saw him so dispirited;

but

but 'tis needless to give you the length of the conversation. My niece, after staying about an hour, rose to take her leave : “ You must not expect to see me again soon, my dear relations ; I own I feel a pang at disobeying my father ; nor would I on any other occasion for the world : adieu, cousins, may you be prosperous ; in the rage of war beware ; rush not into danger ; I, as the occasion of your going, shall feel your wounds. Wear this, my cousin (said she to George, taking a diamond of value from her finger), in remembrance of me ; it was a gift of my mother's : often did she

speak

speak with sorrow, that my father  
 and yourselves were not in friend-  
 ship.—And you, cousin William,”  
 continued she (deep blushes cover-  
 ing her face and neck), “I know  
 not what memorial to give you; but  
 accept this until I find one more  
 estimable; and ever, before you rush  
 into danger, ask leave of my repre-  
 sentative:” so saying, she gave him  
 a miniature of herself: For a mo-  
 ment he seemed to doubt his sight,  
 then thanked her in a strain of un-  
 connected rapture. She then took  
 her leave, and left us filled with ad-  
 miration.

My son and George embarked  
 almost directly for America; and  
 about



about a month after, my brother had the misfortune to lose his beloved Caroline by a consumptive complaint that had long threatened her.

Our affairs too, that had some time been very indifferent, grew worse; and we were absolutely bankrupts.

We gave up all—but that, alas! paid but ten shillings in the pound.

Thus were we situated, when my brother had an offer to go to India, on a rather lucrative plan: he hesitated not a moment, but accepted it. “I shall

have it in my power to assist you,”

said he, embracing me; “I can then aid the sister of my Caroline:

yes, blest angel!” continued he,

“since

“ since thy loss, England is hateful to me ; I rejoice to quit it : be you, George, a father to my boy (should he return alive) — but that charge is needless.

My brother soon quitted us — the day after he went, a man brought me a letter — my generous brother, fearful of our wanting, had got a gentleman of the India house to advance him a hundred pounds, which he would not offer us himself for fear we should refuse it.

The loss of Caroline, our failure, and the danger in which Eliza thought

thought her sons, as she ever called them, hung heavy on her spirits, and impaired her health. I saw her decline, with agony; and by the opinion of the physicians, took her to Montpellier. While we were there, I learned that my elder brother was dead. — As he died without a son, the title devolved to my brother William; but I found, on inquiry, the estate was much hurt: he had made his daughter one of the first fortunes in the kingdom. I, however, wrote to my brother instantly; but had not an answer for eighteen months. I should tell you, on my first arrival in France, as we were  
 obliged



obliged to live with the strictest œconomy, and very private, (a perhaps point of pride) made us conceal the name of our family under that of Monson. My brother's letters brought me a power to act for him: he desired I would not spare; and if any overplus, to pay the remaining money to the creditors — that himself was making a capital fortune, and would not yet return; and as he heard there was a discourse of peace, if that should happen, he desired our boys might give up their commissions and join him. I empowered a person of known respectability to act for me, as my dear

Eliza was too indifferent to come to England; and I could not think of quitting her. I desired the person employed to reserve but one hundred pounds a year, which he was to remit me, and let the rest be paid among the creditors, until the whole debt were discharged. Soon after this, our boys returned home. Time, and the fatigues of war had stamped them men. They joined us at Montpellier—the generous lads had not learnt of their uncle's death, and had jointly saved a little purse from their scanty pittance, for our use.—Oh, madam! a beam of rapture shone in the faded eye of

Eliza,

Eliza, to see our boys in safety.—  
 “ Oh ! ” said she, embracing them,  
 “ death is now welcome—my boys  
 return safe, return with hearts pure  
 and uncorrupted; my husband is  
 above want; our beloved brother  
 too, I trust, will return safe and hap-  
 py. Oh ! death thou now canst not  
 wound Eliza ; it is only a pleasing  
 journey to the blest mansion which  
 contains my Caroline.” I acquaint-  
 ed our sons with my brother’s  
 desire, that they should join him in  
 India : they joyfully agreed, but first  
 proposed to go to England, and give  
 up their commissions to their  
 amiable cousin ; they had our con-  
 sent,



sent, and we bid them adieu, as they were to embark in an English vessel for India. Alas ! it was my beloved Eliza's last adieu to her boys, for she saw them no more.

We received a letter from England, in which they acquainted us, they had seen their amiable cousin; that she had received them with a friendship that delighted them; expressed sorrow they were going to India; said she knew the estate was indeed worth little, but with her uncle's permission, she would take care it should be enough to support the title. " And now, cou-

fm William," said she, "I will re-  
 deem the worthless memorial I gave  
 you at parting, with one more wor-  
 thy your acceptance." So saying, she  
 presented him with a diamond, simi-  
 lar to that she gave George (who  
 wore her present on his finger).—  
 William hesitated—he took not the  
 ring from her extended hand.—  
 "Perhaps," continued she, "you  
 have not my paltry resemblance?  
 but heed it not—indeed it was not  
 worth preserving." "Heavens!"  
 exclaimed William, "not worth  
 preserving! it has ever been my  
 companion; and nought but loss of  
 life should force it from me, except  
 your

your commands.”—So saying, with great confusion he drew it from his bosom, and presented it with a reluctant hand. “Nay,” said she, “if you do me the honour to prize the bauble, keep it; I was only ashamed of so silly a present.” She again presented the ring—he took it—he raised it to his lips, and returned it to its amiable owner. “Pardon, me, madam; should I have two such valuables, I could not preserve both with the care I wish; the original present must ever claim the superiority, and the diamond might be neglected: favour me then to keep it till I return from India; should I



return fortunate, I will claim it with thanks. She received it—she put it on her finger — “ Well,” said she, “ I agree; but remember it is not mine.” They took their leave;—she intreated to see them again in the evening, and they obeyed her. “ Will you excuse, dear cousins,” said she, “ the liberty I take? You should not go needy adventurers to India; I have two thousand pounds by me, that is absolutely useless; now I intreat you would use it until your return; it can then be repaid.” Delighted as my boys were, they refused their cousin’s offer with a fortitude that did them honour: neither

ther her commands, nor intreaties, could oblige them to take it : and they parted with reluctance on both sides.

This account I had in a letter we received, which was written by George : in the postscript, he added, with great gaiety, that he had just had the most serious dispute with William, he ever experienced, for being so minute and particular.

Four years have my boys been gone to India ; many letters have I received from all : they inform me, my brother thinks he has fortune

H 3.                    enough,

enough, though not so rich as a nabob : and my last letter bids me expect them soon in England. The estate has already paid off all our debts ; for I have never exceeded the hundred pounds a year I allowed myself.

My beloved Eliza lingered in a slow decline to the amazement of every one, until a year and a half since. I will, my dear madam, pass over what would give me pain to relate, and your tender heart grief to hear. Suffice it, her death, like her life, was that of a Christian. I had a severe illness after, that lasted a long time. — Rather recovered from



from that, I left our retreat at Montpellier, and have tried, by change of place, and diversity of objects, to forget the past—but, alas! it is impossible! Perhaps, in the expected embraces of my brother and my boys, I may drop a tear less painful.

“ I now, madam, go to England, to wait them; where, with your permission, I hope to attend you.”

The good old gentleman here concluded. — You know not how we are delighted with him. Clara said,

“ Pardon the question, Sir, but do you never hear of your amiable niece?” “ To say the truth, madam,”

returned he, "I constantly hear from my agent, that she is well; but I have never wrote; nor does she know my address, as I would not have her generous heart informed I live in obscurity, nor give her painful tidings unaccompanied by their counterbalance."

Now, what think you, Harriet? have I not paid the debt incurred by my silence? What a packet do I send you!—As he did not tell it us all at once; so I have not wrote it all in one day. I assure you, I have exerted my memory to preserve the story for you.

benjamin

H

I asked

I asked Mr. Monson, yesterday, when we were alone, if Mr. Welford appeared anxious to see Clara? He replied, that he often repeated her name; but his senses were too much injured to be anxious about any thing. Poor unhappy man! may he meet that mercy Clara is ever intreating for him. He has been dead six weeks to-day, and I suppose in a fortnight you may expect to see us. Adieu, my friend.

EMMELINE GOWER.

H 5

L A D Y



LADY ANNE DELANY

T O

MISS GOWER.

Portman-Square.

**I** AM impatient, my dear Emmeline, with your long stay in France; it must increase Clara's melancholy: the company of her friends would divert her dejection. I should absolutely have been with you, but Lady Ferrere has been so very  
indiffer-

indifferent, that I could not possibly leave her. You ask me of Buckley, Emmeline: to the amazement of all, he lives, and is apparently better: I tell you so with pleasure, as I am sure it will be a relief to the wounded mind of Clara, that Welford has not his death against him. Sir Edward Conway is with me;—he tells me Harriet's letters to him say, she has a long one from you, and will remit it me, the first opportunity, as it contains a narrative.

Emma is delightfully: she is my constant companion, and goes the round of morning visits with me.

H 6

I every

I every day tell her to expect her mamma on the morrow, and that idea keeps her cheerful. Hasten your sister then, my friend, for her own sake, and that of the little expectant Emma.

The physician thought Bath would be of essential service to Lady Ferrere: I insisted on accompanying her, but the good old lady refused: "No," said she, "you have a wish to see Mrs. Welford; I will not prevent it: was I really very ill, I would not refuse your company; but as it is, it is quite unnecessary."

She



She would have it her own way;  
 so has taken a very good girl with  
 her, whom she once purposed for her  
 companion before the death of my  
 father, as she then had no expec-  
 tancy of me. Adieu, my friend ;  
 write me one line of information,  
 when to expect you—Fair winds  
 and prosperous gales attend you,  
 wishes your affectionate

ANNE DELANY.

MISS

M I S S G O W E R

T O

L A D Y — A N N E D E L A N Y.

Calais.

**I** Snatch the opportunity to give  
you one line; we sail for Eng-  
land, if the wind is fair, next Mon-  
day; I will, if possible, persuade  
my sister to rest one night, at either  
Dover, or Canterbury: indeed I can  
easily do it, by pretending to be very  
weary

weary myself: she, I am sure, at this present time is not equal to fatigue. The good Mr. Monson accompanies us: I rejoice, my friend, that Buckley lives.—I have much to say, but the packet's going—Adieu.

EMMELINE GOWER.

MISS



M I S S G O W E R

H A R R I E T C O N W A Y.

Canterbury.

I Steal an hour, my Harriet, to give you a narration, that must be pleasing to your friendly bosom. — We quitted Calais last Monday night; Mr. Monson was our companion; we arrived safely at Dover Tuesday morning: Clara's spirits were better than usual—she would stay no longer at Dover, than to breakfast: at eleven, then, we pursued our route. I saw, though her spirits supported her, she was much fatigued,

tigued, from the want of sleep, and violent sea sickness. I intreated her to let us lay down for a few hours, when we arrived here. "Is that request, Emmeline, for my sake or your own?" said she with a smile. "To say the truth, for both," replied I; "we can sleep for a few hours, and afterwards pursue our journey one more stage, and rest all night; by that means, we shall arrive in London refreshed, and only with the difference of a few hours: for if we pursue it, 'twill be midnight before we reach town; and by my plan we may be there early to-morrow." Mr. Monson seconded me,

me, but said 'twas better to dine, and remain at Canterbury all night.

"Let us," said he, "go to bed, rise early and pursue our journey."—

Clara acquiesced with this last scheme, though I believe she would willingly have kept her first intention of reaching London this night.

—We arrived safe at Canterbury; the number of carriages attending, gave us room to suppose the house was full of company. The landlord received us with the common politeness of such places. "I hope, ladies," said he, as he led the way, "you will excuse going into a room which some gentlemen are this minute quit-



quitting, for indeed I have not a spare one: if you have the goodness to accept this, I will take care you shall have no intruders." We had no alternative, so followed him. The gentlemen he mentioned, were indeed risen to quit it. I was rather before Clara—they moved their hats: one was in the decline of life; the other two young and handsome. Clara and Mr. Monson entered. I have seen pictures and statues of surprise, but how imperfect are they when compared to nature! The elder of the gentlemen for a minute seemed rooted to the earth; Mr. Monson hastily advanced two steps, extend-

extended his arms, and stood motionless. The young gentlemen's eyes no sooner met those of Mr. Monson, then they were prostrate at his feet, and the exclamation of, "Oh, my brother, and my boys!" found passage from his lips. The moment of amazement over, the elder gentleman sprung forward, and embraced Mr. Monson: "Oh, my brother! my brother! we meet again: Father of mercies, let us part no more. I return you your boys, George (Mr. Monson was pressing them alternately in his arms), I know they hold an equal place in your bosom, as well as in my own. Take them, they

they are worthy you,—see in them the friendship of our youth renewed, and they shall be pillars to our age.” I cannot paint the scene that followed, my friend; it was an almost silent rapture, a thousand times more expressivethan language.—Mr. Monson a little recovered, presented his brother and sons (as he calls them) to Clara and myself, and congratulations were on our lips, when our landlord entered; “Pray, ladies, is either of your name’s Welford?” said he. Clara answered in the affirmative. “Then, madam,” said he, “a lady inquires for you.” She desired him to shew her in; a momentary



idea struck me 'twas Lady Anne, as she desired me, particularly, to give her a line of information when we set off. I sprung to the room door; she was lightly tripping up the passage, Emma in her hand. I met her, I snatched up the charming innocent, while Lady Anne ran forward to embrace Clara; but no sooner had she entered the apartment, than giving a loud scream she fainted. Never, Harriet, was such a scene of confusion—Mr. Monson's son supported her in his arms, until she revived: the old gentlemen embraced her with the affection of parents, while "generous beloved cousin"

were the only articulate words, from the lips of the young ones. "Oh, my dear uncles," said Lady Anne recovering, "if you had loved me as I do you, you would not have been so long absent." Her uncles explained their motives; the earl of Lismore (for he must now take the title) assured her, nothing should have kept him abroad, but the prospect of making an easy fortune. "I wanted it not for myself," continued he, "but for these young ones: I have succeeded, and my boys will amply repay me, by using it nobly. The sorrows of their youth, shall make them worthy of affluence, and the boasted name shall lose no lustre

lustre by William and George Delany."

Had we before, Harriet, known the name, what a surprise would it have saved us! But under that of Monson, who could suspect? Lord Lisimore and the young gentlemen, it seems, have ever kept the family name; but the retired situation of Mr. Delany (for I will now give him his proper appellation) made him wish for a while to lay it down.—  
Hark! the post-horn sounds—I must close my long letter—I begged an hour from the now-composed and happy company, and I have given it  
you.



you. I ever feel pleasure doubly when  
 I can communicate it to others.  
 Farewel, my Harriet — the horn  
 sounds again; I have hardly time to  
 subscribe how sincerely I am yours,

EMMELINE GOWER.

M I S S G O W E R

T O

M I S S C O N W A Y.

Harley-Street.

**W**E are just arrived, my Harriet, thank Heaven, safe and well. Shall I tell you, I expected to have seen you; but am informed, by a note from Sir Edward, that a violent cold detains you at Conway-Place. Make haste and recover, for I am impatient to see you. All these happy meetings have so exhilarated my spirits, that I am more cheerful than since I came from Italy. How happy are

the friendly brothers and their sons ! Lady Anne too, apparently, shares their felicity ; and universal cheerfulness reigns, except in the bosom of my beloved Clara.—We quitted Canterbury early this morning ; Lady Anne, my sister, myself, and Emma, in a post-coach ; and Lord Lisimore, Mr. Delany, and their sons, in another ; but I should tell you how they all happened to meet us.—The Indiaman, in which they had their passage, is in the Downs. Impatient to embrace their relations, whom they expected to find in England, they got a boat to Deal, from thence they came post, and



had actually only stopped at Canterbury, to change horses. Was ever such a fortunate rencontre? On our arrival in town, Lady Anne came home with us. The gentlemen are gone to an hotel, but promised to sup at Lady Anne's this evening. Clara insists on my going, as Lady Anne does not wish to receive them alone. I am truly loath to leave her, she is so very melancholy: she speaks of going into the country; if so, I shall attend her.—Lady Anne's carriage is at the door; she waits for me. Adieu.

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Just

12 o'Clock.

Just returned ; from such a male party, Heaven defend us : our four expected visitants, and Lord Ormond, were there. It seems it was the late Earl of Ormond that, at Lady Anne's intercession, procured the commissions for the amiable Delanys. Lord Ormond behaved delightfully : he, it seems, never saw them before, though he has often heard of them. He would not suffer them to return to the hotel, but insisted on their using his house until they were provided. I never saw him so cheerful. At supper—(no servants were suffered to wait)—he said to Lord Lisfmore, “ I hope, my Lord, as the nearest re-

lation of Lady Anne, you will exert your influence. She has refused some of the best matches in the kingdom. With her person and fortune, 'tis really a shame she should die an old maid." I fancy he gives a tolerable guess at the state of her heart, for as he spoke he stole a fly glance at her and Mr. William Delany. "Indeed," replied she, a good deal confused, "you are very faucy; and pray, Lord Lismore, ask him, if he intends to die a bachelor?"

"I fear I shall," returned he; "though, I promise you, it won't  
be



be my own fault;—have not you, madam, refused me ?”

“ O the creature !” said Lady Anne; “ you shall now hear the truth, uncle. Our fathers did indeed, I own, intend us for each other ; and after his death, at the intercession of Lady Ferrere, I went to Selby-house, and that gentleman, instead of saying all the pretty things I had a right to expect, drew a dismal face, squeezed out a dozen awkward compliments, and told me, his heart was inevitably gone to a young lady in the neighbourhood.”—

“And you fly one,” interrupted he, “did not you own that——that”——“Stop his mouth, Emmeline,” said she, colouring as deep as crimson. “Oh, ’tis unnecessary,” said I; “I am witness that you have promised to die, that *rara avis*, a good-humoured old maid!—

Soon after supper, Lord Ormond said to the old gentlemen, “You must still be fatigued; what think you, if we return home? Mr. Delany, at their own time, will attend Miss Gower to Mrs. Welford’s.” The old gentlemen accepted the offer, and attended Lord Ormond;

Ormond; Lady Anne, and myself, were left alone with the young Mr. Delanys: we chatted gaily some time;—as it was late, I was uneasy for my sister; I rose to take my leave;—the Delanys would accompany me, though, as I went in Lady Anne's coach, there was no occasion.—She gave them each a hand at parting. “If I mistake not,” said Mr. William Delany, raising her hand respectfully to his lips, “this fair hand bears a remembrance I promised to claim, if I returned fortunate from India.” “O, the ring,” said Lady Anne; “proud cousin, you refused it then; I will



not give it now. You may take it if you please."

William waited not a second permission ; he drew the ring from her finger. " 'Tis true," said he, " this lovely hand needs no ornament ; yet permit me, madam," continued he, placing the largest and most beautiful diamond on her finger I ever saw, " to replace yours with one by which I would wish to remind you, that your generosity and angelic goodness are indelibly written on my heart. With a commission from such a hand, who could want courage ? The idea of such a  
sweet

sweet friend at home, beguiled the time on long journies in India: and in the thought of some time, perhaps, seeing her again, was forgotten heat, fatigue, and care.”—

“Indeed,” said she, turning from him, “I have a half mind not to take your present: however, I accept it, valuable as it is, to shew you, I have not so proud a heart as yourself.”

We now separated; they attended me home; after which Lady Anne’s coach took them to Lord Ormond’s.

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I could not close my letter this

morning without adding a word or  
 two more : Lady Anne has been  
 here, in high spirits, and talks of  
 going to Bath, to Lady Ferrere. I have  
 had a long discourse with Clara, since  
 she went ; who has been telling me,  
 as she has now but four hundred  
 pounds a year (and out of that the  
 interest of a thousand pounds to  
 pay), she shall retire into the coun-  
 try, keep no carriage, and live quite  
 private. “ And, pray,” said I,  
 “ what do you intend to do with  
 me ? for, I assure you, I will not be  
 left behind.” — “ As I would by no  
 means,” replied she, “ sink you into  
 the obscurity I mean to live in, I could  
 wish,



wish, if agreeable, to place you with Lady Anne Delany ;—I am sure she will be pleased with such a companion. There need, my dear, be no obligation in the case: the interest of your fortune will supply you with all the elegancies of life.”—

Do you know, I never felt so displeased before ; I absolutely burst into tears of vexation. “ Cruel, unkind Clara ! could you a moment suppose that I would enjoy the elegancies of life, while you were hid in poverty ? No, my sister ; you despise me, or you could not treat me so cruelly.” She threw  
her

her arms round me, "My dear Emmeline, give me a moment's hearing, and your own reason must coincide with me. My Emma has no provision; small as my pittance is, I would wish to reserve some part, that, in case of my death, she may not be friendless: your interest I have equally at heart; I wish to see you placed in a station worthy your merit."—"This is not the first time, Clara, this affair has started in my mind," said I, "though I had no idea of your cruel offer: I will go where you please; I may as well board with you as any one else; and surely, at my age, I may  
have

have leave to keep a carriage, as my fortune will enable me."—

I know not how long the dispute might have continued, had not the servant announced Sir Edward Conway. My sister withdrew, and desired me to entertain him, as she sees no company but Lady Anne Delany.—I protest I have wrote so long, I have hardly time to dress. Adieu, my Harriet: were you as impatient to see me, as I am you, before this you would have embraced your

EMMELINE GOWER.

L A D Y



LADY ANNE DELANY

To

MRS. WELFORD.

Portman-Square.

MY DEAREST CLARA,

I HAVE called at your house this morning: and the servant informs me, you and Emmeline are gone to see a house in the vicinity of Twickenham; which, if you approve, you intend to take. I suppose you think, if you quit town you shall be rid of all us troublesome appendages: but it is only a flattering idea; we shall pursue you there.— I have just received a letter from

Lady

Lady Ferrere : she wishes me to join her ; so I shall set off this afternoon ; and as I probably shall not see you, I could not go without an adieu. Lord Lismore has just been here ; and what do you think was his business ? why, to ask my permission for his nephew William to address me. “ My charming niece,” said he, “ I would not propose him, if I were not certain of his merit ; and as to fortune, in India I had made considerably before my boys joined me : our fortune now consists of about a hundred thousand pounds ; that shall be equally parted between our sons ;

sons; the estate, appertaining to the title, is now clear, and about three thousand pounds a year; that will be more than my brother George and I shall spend. I own, our William's fortune is inadequate to your merit; but do not, dear madam, refuse him; 'twill break his honest heart: for Lady Anne's virtues and beauty have been his constant theme."

I stammered out something; I believe it was not a denial, but I was horridly confused. To you, Clara, I do not blush to own, I love William Delany; sure 'tis no crime to  
love



love a man of honour; and they have all truly proved themselves such.

I told Lord Lismore, I was going to Bath, to Lady Ferrere. He asked, if they might be permitted to pay their compliments to her ladyship and me there. I told him, I was sure she would be pleased to see them: as I am certain she will. He soon after bid me adieu; and I could not think of going out of town without gossiping all this news to you.—A loud knock at the door; I wish I had told the servant to say I was not at home; 'tis only some

some troublesome fashion-monger ;  
—oh, no ; the man says, “ Mr. Wil-  
liam Delany.” Excuse me a while.—

---

I am obliged to conclude this  
while my cousin is here ; I cannot  
persuade him to quit me : he says,  
Lord Lismore has so earnestly en-  
treated Lord Ormond to go to Bath  
with them, that he has consented,  
for a few days.—Adieu, my friend ;  
think not, you possess less of my  
affection for this intruder. I frankly  
own, he had as strong an interest  
in my heart, when I first became  
acquainted with you, as at this mo-  
ment.

ANNE DELANY.

LORD ORMOND

TO

SIR EDWARD CONWAY.

Bath.

**I** Know, Conway, you will laugh, when I tell you, that, during the whole way to Bath, I repented my complaisance. I respect, I esteem the Delanys ; but every mile took me further from Clara ; and had I not been withheld by shame, should certainly have returned the next day. Yet, my friend, perhaps this beloved charmer may refuse me. By heaven, if she should, I shall be the most wretched of mankind.

Would



Would the punctilios of fashion were over, that I might once again inform her how truly, how sincerely I love her. How should I glory to snatch her from the situation in which Welford has left her, and place her in a state where her virtues would have room and power to act ! Write to me, if she has taken the house she saw at Twickenham. I wonder she will think of such a plan ; surely her heart might whisper, her once-esteemed Henry would soon as possible (without offending her delicacy) lay his fortune at her feet. Those strange schemes of hers make me, at times, think she will  
 refuse

refuse me : I have a thousand fears ;  
 yet, now and then, a gleam of hope  
 steals in, and blest recollection paints  
 the hours of happiness once passed  
 at the Forest. A similarity of senti-  
 ment first made her dear to me :  
 though formed to shine, she likes  
 not the bustle of public life ; she  
 endures, but not enjoys it. The  
 first time I saw her, she seemed an  
 angel ministering to the distresses of  
 mortality. A female eye is never  
 so beautiful, as when its radiance is  
 softened by a beam of humanity.  
 The conquest it makes at that mo-  
 ment, are lasting ; nor time, nor age,  
 can lessen their influence. Inform  
 me,

me, my friend, if you have hopes of success with the gentle Emmeline. My heart is interested in your happiness ; a few years will make her a second Clara. What a treasure then ! Do not be disheartened ; what you think coldness and aversion, is really timidity : conquer that, Edward, and your pains will be gloriously repaid. Adieu.—I must prepare for the rooms : I am absolutely weary of pleasure (or what is commonly called so). How I envy people that are easily amused ! There is a happy *nonchalance* in their very looks, that good sense can seldom, and philosophy never obtain. Once more, farewell.

HENRY ORMOND.



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SIR EDWARD CONWAY

TO

LORD ORMOND.

Portman-Square.

**W**ELL, Ormond! the charming sisters are gone to their retreat at Twickenham; at present it is gloomy—a few months will make it delightful. I have been thrice to see them, and every time have been favoured with the sight of Mrs. Welford. She has an air of calm serenity, and pleasing cheerfulness that have long been strangers to her features. The second time I went, Emmeline was alone; and as

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K

I think

I think she has lately treated me with less distance, I presumed to make her the offer of my hand and fortune. "When I tell you, Sir Edward," said she, "that I know no gentleman I esteem so much as yourself, I speak truly: you honour me by the offer of your hand and fortune. When you first addressed me, you thought my heart free; had it been so, I should not have remained so long blind to your merit. The veil is now removed, but my mind is superior to falsehood. You doubtless thought my heart had been sensible of no impression, but the affection of relatives and friendship. You mistook," continued

nued she, her face covered with blushes, and with difficulty restraining tears : “ I have been sensible of a passion, that, on recollection, must ever overwhelm me with confusion. So strong, so unhappy a partiality had I for Captain Buckley, that I once forgot myself so far, that I consented to elope with him the night you gave the masquerade. The Ariel (whom you must remember) first changed my purpose ; she forced me to reflect : I thought her cruel then, but now am ready to own I owe her more than life. Her words were spoken in a voice I durst not disobey. Now, Sir Edward, if after a declaration of this



fort, you can favour me with your friendship, I shall be much honoured : but your love bestow on some one, who, by fixing her first affections on yourself, may be worthy of you. I have no wish but of spending my days with Clara."

I know not, Ormond, how you would have felt in my situation ; but never had I a sentiment of respect so strong for her before. Her ingenuous declaration, and the blush it forced on her charming face, convinced me she felt a pang for the past beyond what her words could express. "A heart like yours, my dear

dear Miss Gower," said I, " may be readily excused for errors which its own innocence and total unacquaintance with the world occasions. You have been pleased to say you esteem me ; permit me to hope time may change it to sentiments similar with my own : only give me leave to hope. Should even the time be distant, my spirits could not fail with such a prize in view." " Excuse me on this subject at present, I intreat you, Sir Edward," said she.

Mrs. Welford came in almost immediately, and I soon after bid

them adieu, and rode to town. As I know no news will be interesting to you out of the vicinity of Twickenham ; for the present will bid you good night.

**EDWARD CONWAY.**

**L A D Y**



LADY ANNE DELANY

TO

MRS. WELFORD.

Bath.

**I** Protest, my dear Clara, I believe I shall be obliged to marry in my own defence ; I am absolutely teased to say Yes, to make them hold their tongues. “ My dear niece, the favour will be great as the honour done us, if you do not make unnecessary delays,” says Lord Lifmore. “ ’Tis absolute coquetry to fix a distant time,” says Lady Ferrere. “ My sweet cousin,” says George, “ if you knew William’s

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**EDWARD CONWAY.**

**L A D Y**

LADY ANNE DELANY

T O.

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Bath.

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rere. “ My sweet cousin,” says George, “ if you knew William’s



merit so well as I, or his love half so well, you would not delay his happiness. Your charms have absolutely reared a fortification round his heart, and made him blind and unjust to the charms of every other : witness the ladies that came from France with my father. I happened to observe they were the most charming women I ever saw. " 'Tis true," said William, " they are lovely ; but, George, look at Lady Anne ; her features are so enchanting, and there is such a charming vivacity about them, that 'tis impossible to withstand their force." Thus do they all tease me ; Wil-  
liana

liam indeed only pleads when we are alone, but more powerfully than the rest ; and I fancy will gain his cause, as he, in this case, is a good orator.

I suppose if I should give away my liberty, 'twill be in vain to entreat you to come and be witness how well I perform on the occasion ; but Emmeline and Harriet Conway must attend ; it may be of service to them, against they go through the same ceremony. Yet, after all, Clara, 'tis a serious reflection to be united for life : should there be a fault in our tempers, or should this beloved William ever treat

K 5

me

me with coldness, 'twould break  
 my heart. But away with such  
 gloomy thoughts; he has ever  
 proved himself truly honourable,  
 and will, I am sure, ever remain so  
 to

Your

ANNE DELANY.

M R S.



MRS. WELFORD

TO

LADY ANNE DELANY.

Twickenham.

I KNOW no words that can convey the satisfaction I feel on your approaching happiness, but your friendship will easily excuse my attendance. Emmeline is in raptures on the occasion; that dear girl becomes daily more estimable; she told Sir Edward her unhappy attachment to Captain Buckley; the confession, in my opinion, does her honour, and convinces me she has triumphed over

K 6

her.

her weakness ; she told me herself ; I was not present when she disclosed it. “ And now,” said she, “ Clara, I’ll tell you another secret, with which you do not think me acquainted : the night of the masquerade at Sir Edward’s, when the Ariel first spoke, it struck me no more, than by saying something applicable to my situation. When it spoke again, methought the voice was familiar to me.—The more I attended, the more I was convinced.—I tried to persuade myself I was mistaken ; but when my mother’s benediction was repeated, I had no longer any doubts, nor could any disguise

disguise then hide Clara.—I fainted; on my revival I found you had quitted the apartment, and was unknown to Lady Anne; I had recollection enough to find you wished to continue so; and, to own the truth, I would not that night have seen you, after what had passed, for worlds. I sent a message by Lady Anne, that I would endeavour to regain my half-forfeited blessing; and was much surprised when she informed me you were gone with such privacy, and was still unknown. Now, Clara, I would wish you to tell me, how you came acquainted with the affair, and, in short,



short, in every thing relative to it.——

To own the truth, Lady Anne, I had a wish to conceal my part; but as Emmeline has discovered it, I will repeat it to you.

“You remember your letters informed me, you had strong suspicions that Captain Buckley was somewhere near Conway-Place.— Mr. Welford’s anger, and sudden orders for my going to the Forest, made me fear you was not mistaken.— You likewise mentioned the masquerade.— The day I received

ceived that letter, I likewise had one from Mr. Welford, who said, that it was impossible for him to join me in less than a week. A sudden idea struck me: I determined to set off post for Oxfordshire; nor did the length of way dissuade me: my purpose was, if possible, to see only Emmeline and yourself, or at most Harriet.—I was quite at a loss for a companion in my journey: I did not choose to trust the servants, but preferred poor Davis, whom you have before heard me speak of. I gave out I was going to Limington, for a week, to bathe; and accordingly set out from that

place. Two days tedious travel brought me to a small village, within a mile of Sir Edward's : I wished to stop there, and send privately to you. On entering the little inn, the first person that struck my sight was Buckley's servant : he started, and I was equally surprised. Davis followed me—but what was my amazement when I heard her give a loud cry, and spring forward. “ O, mother !” said Buckley's man. “ Oh, my child, is it possible that thou art alive ! Never did I expect to see thee more !” returned she, embracing him. Their raptures were so extravagant, that

I de-



I desired them to go into a private room, and did the same myself. I was by no means pleased at this rencontre, as I thought 'twas impossible now to conceal my journey from Mr. Welford; the bare idea of which being discovered, filled me with dread. In this situation I was for half an hour alone, when Davis entered the room. "Oh, madam," said she, "I have not seen my son these eight years: we ever thought him killed in America; indeed, he has been a wild lad, and would go for a soldier." I was going to interrupt her, but she instantly stopped me. "I have told  
him

him all your goodness, madam, and he says, that, though he is poor, you shall find he has a grateful heart: and, pray, dear, dear madam, do see him, for he earnestly intréats it." I would have excused myself, but on recollection thought, I might, by a trifling present, engage his secresy.

I gave her leave to introduce him; he was perfectly known to me, as he constantly attended Buckley.—He entered; it would be difficult to describe the poor fellow's confusion. "Well, John," said I, "I did not expect to see you in this part of the country."

country." "No, madam," returned he, "I fancy not. Dear mother, leave me a little while alone with madam; I want to speak with her, if she will please to give me leave." Davis offered to go, nor did I attempt to detain her. John looked carefully round. "Ah, madam," said he, "you have saved the life of my poor mother—I never knew it till this blessed hour; how bitterly was I going to requite your goodness!—Forgive me—forgive me"—continued he, falling on his knees; I am privy to, and chief instrument of Captain Buckley, who, this night, is to carry off Miss Emeline. Oh, forgive me. That blessed hand saved my mother's life.



life. I will not be instrumental to the destruction of your sister."

Surprise and pity for some moments deprived me of utterance ; at length I desired him to rise. "Inform me," said I, " what you know of this, and you shall not go unrewarded." He obeyed, and told me Captain Buckley had been a fortnight at Conway Place ; and almost every morning saw Emmeline : that he frequently took letters to her maid from the Captain ; and finally, that she had consented to go off with him that night from the masquerade ; for which purpose he was to have a chaise in waiting, at twelve o'clock, ready to receive them.

I was

I was so alarmed at this intelligence, that I could scarcely question the man. However, I desired him to procure me a glass of water ; after which I was somewhat better. “ And where is your master now ? ” said I. “ He went to Oxford yesterday,” replied he. “ I fancy, from what he said, he wanted money : he likewise said he must procure a black domino. I expect him to return every minute ; but indeed, indeed, madam, I will give him warning the moment he comes ; and leave him too, though I should never get my wages.”

I gave a few minutes to reflection ; I drew my purse, and presented him five guineas. “ Can

I

you

you be faithful, John?" He drew back his hand; "I will deserve your money before I take it," replied he. He then promised to obey whatever I should command. I asked him if he knew if it was possible, by any means, to procure a dress? He assured me there was a man in the house that had attended at Sir Edward's with dresses; and he heard him say, he had brought some spare ones, as he might have a chance to sell or let them. "Next, John," said I, "it must not be known I am here. I would not have you at this time quit Buckley; it may give suspicion. Should hereafter any thing occur (I hope to preserve my sister this night), I will depend on your inform-



informing Lady Anne Delany ; tell her 'tis by my desire ; but do not mention this affair. She will be as careful of Emmeline as myself." My reason for that charge was, I apprehended Mr. Welford would keep me at the Forest ; and you I thought most likely would not be so distant. Now, my friend, this explains the poor fellow's coming to you the night Buckley mistook me for Emmeline. Instead of obeying his master's orders, he no sooner learnt what was in agitation than he came to you ; and the affair was so sudden, that he did not know it till just before the opera was over.

The poor man asked me if he was still to bear his master's letters to  
my

my sister? I scarcely knew how to answer; but had hopes, if I could possibly save her from the delirium of that night, he might give her up, or she perhaps be awakened to her danger, and refuse to receive them; so told him to obey Buckley in that case: and as no plan could be formed against Emmeline without his knowledge, I would depend on his fidelity to apprise you. I then ordered him to call his mother, and desired her to see what dresses the man had: she returned with word he had no female one but an Ariel. This information almost broke my project; but after a little recollection, I thought myself certain of not being discovered: indeed the distance I came would make it so improbable,

bable, that I could not be suspected. Davis dressed me ; I had travelled all the night before, and was really much fatigued. But in the idea of saving a sister, I thought pain of body too trivial to be regarded.

You know what passed at the masquerade, so 'tis needless to mention it now. Davis attended at the gate in the chaise for me ; Buckley had left the masquerade before I quitted it ; and the sorrow and contrition of Emmeline, gave me the most flattering hopes that she would see her weakness. Several times was I on the point of discovering myself to you ; but the privacy with which I came, the strangeness of



the dress, and the absolute necessity of my immediate return, prevented me.

Davis told me her son desired her to again assure me of his fidelity : she likewise told me that when he was fifteen, his father (who was a serjeant) wished him to be some trade ; but he had eloped from them, and they had been informed just before her husband died, that he was killed in America. The poor lad, it seems, at the end of the war, came to London, procured his discharge, and hired himself servant to Buckley. He had inquired every where among his acquaintance for his mother ; but all the information he could procure was, that a lady had taken

notice of her, and settled her in the country, but it was unknown where.

While we changed horses at the first stage, I resumed my riding-dress, and immediately pursued my journey ; and, by travelling all the night following, arrived the second day (though very late) at the Forest. You know the rest ; but I must inform you, Sir Edward (tho' this affair is unknown to him) has, on my recommendation, promised to provide a place for John Davis, who has left Buckley ever since the day after the opera.

Now, my friend, you know all, as I told it Emmeline. Adieu—  
May you be as happy as wishes  
your

CLARA WELFORD.

MISS GOWER

T.

MRS. WELFORD

Windfor.

**Y**ESTERDAY, my beloved  
sister, for ever joined the  
amiable Lady Anne to her enrapt-  
ured Delany. Lady Ferrere, Har-  
riet, and myself, were the only fe-  
males present ; and Lord Lismore,  
his brother, George Delany, Lord  
Ormond, and Sir Edward, com-  
posed



posed the male part. Lady Anne looked charmingly ; and Harriet has, I sincerely believe, made a conquest of George Delany ; I hope I am not mistaken, as I know no man, I think, more deserving of my friend. Your absence, my Clara, was lamented by all. Mr. William Delany agreeably surpris'd Lady Anne, by telling her, as he had often heard her wish she had a house near you, he had taken one, not a mile distant from our habitation (the house at Windsor is Lady Ferrer's). I know my dear sister will be pleas'd with such amiable neighbours.

L 3

We

We have been walking this morning : Sir Edward has been very importunate. But, Clara, I am happy in my present situation ; and why should I change it ? I esteem Sir Edward sincerely ; am pleased with his company : he has a number of little attentions for me, that oblige : but I told him this morning (and with great truth), I could never think of quitting you.

You may expect to see the greater part of us in about a week. Adieu, my dearest Clara ; let cheerfulness once again illumine your features ; I trust there are many happy days in store for you. Thrice, while I  
have

have been writing this short epistle,  
have I been disturbed : so must say  
farewell.

**EMMELINE GOWER.**

**L 4**

**LADY**



LADY ANNE DELANY

TO

LADY FERRERE.

Twickenham.

MY DEAR AUNT,

I Think my happiness as perfect as what usually falls to the lot of mankind. I know nothing I have to complain of but your absence. Emmeline left us immediately on our arrival ; I have hopes she is no longer blind to Sir Edward's merit. She told me yesterday, after they had been walking, that

that he had the generosity to say her person was all he wished. Fortune he had sufficient ; and therefore if ever she should honour him with her hand, he hoped she would present little Emma with a genteel fortune. “ You know not,” said she, “ how well I think of his generosity ; his disinterestedness has half won my heart. Clara and Emmeline dine with me to-day ; I had much to do to persuade the former. I am at times really angry with her. Had she lost the man of her heart, or a man whose good qualities made him estimable, I would not blame her conduct ; but

for a man who was absolutely a wretch ! Though custom obliges us to wear fables, yet the heart should not interfere. Six months has he been dead ; yet is she still grave : but I sincerely believe the unprovided state of her child, and her circumstances, help to make her so. Yet would not she, for the world, I dare say, suffer any one to render those circumstances more easy. Adieu for a little while—I must dress for dinner ; but will give you another line before I close this.

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Well, dear madam, we had our expected guests. After dinner Har-

riet



riet Conway, who is still with me, (her brother is gone to Oxfordshire) and George Delany, purposed to have a little concert ; we were all willing. In the evening, I so earnestly entreated Mrs. Welford, that she sat at the harpsichord. While we were so employed, a loud ringing at the gate announced a visitor ; and the moment after, Lord Ormond made his appearance. Clara turned pale, and played out of tune. Lord Ormond's features could not conceal his joy. He paid his compliments round. In his inquiries after Mrs. Welford's health, there was a softness, a delicacy that made him infinitely pleasing. Clara soon ex-

cused herself from playing; and her sister took her place, and altogether, we passed the evening very pleasantly. After supper Mrs. Welford desired the carriage to be ordered. Lord Ormond and my cousin George entreated permission to accompany them; and the charming demure Clara could not refuse without seeming particular. I have not seen her since; but on Lord Ormond's return, he spoke of her with raptures. How, my dear aunt, should I rejoice to see her in a state she is formed to adorn!

Lord Lismore thinks of going to Ireland in the course of a month; and, I fancy, we must accompany him; but our stay will be of no long continuance. I entreated Cla-

ra and Emmeline to go, but in vain. Harriet, however, will bear us company. Adieu, dear madam, for the present, says

Your affectionate

ANNE DELANY.

L O R D



LORD ORMOND

T O

SIR EDWARD CONWAY.

WELL, Edward, I have seen her ; my good angel put it in my head the other day after dinner, to visit Lady Anne at Twickenham. They had a little concert ; my charming Clara was sitting at the harpsichord. I never saw her look so handsome. Her beautiful hair without powder, and in its native ringlets, gave new charms to her snowy neck. She wore a plain mourning habit ; no ornaments, no trimmings to set her off. Nature, in forming Clara, has made her master-

master-piece, and can need no auxiliaries.

The Delanys are going to Ireland ; I am sincerely sorry, as I then shall have no excuse to see her : for had I asked permission to pay my respects, it might have offended her. I count the hours, Edward, until my fate is determined. More than six months has Welford been dead ; would the other six were over, for that period will determine the most happy, or most miserable of human kind.

HENRY ORMOND.

ADVER!

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**L**ORD Lismore, and his amiable relations, went to Ireland, and remained there six months; and, as the letters that passed during that time were mostly descriptive of the estate, it is not thought necessary to prefix them to the history.— Lord Ormond, and Sir Edward Conway, remained in London: the latter of those gentlemen often visited Twickenham, and was always well received——The letters that now follow, passed after Lady Anne Delany had informed Mrs. Welford that she should soon return to England.

M R S.



MRS. WELFORD

TO

LADY ANNE DELANY.

Twickenham.

WITH what pleasure do I hear that I am soon to embrace the sister of my heart ! I have long wished for the welcome information, and now receive it with delight.—You must assist me, my friend, to persuade Emmeline to her own happiness—the dear girl, I am sure, esteems Sir Edward, yet protests, with a seriousness that absolutely vexes me, that she will never leave me. You must, my dear

dear Lady Anne, help me to conquer this obstinacy. My mind is really composed; and, with the œconomy I live, I find my little fortune sufficient. I was pressing her yesterday to give me the satisfaction of seeing her happily settled, and she made me this answer :

“ I will consent to your intreaties in regard to Sir Edward, if you will likewise oblige me.” “ There is nothing, my dear sister,” returned I, “ that you can ask, that I will refuse.”

“ Then,”

“Then,” continued she, “suffer me to present Emma with ten thousand pounds—No grave looks, Clara; ’tis Sir Edward’s own proposal; and on those terms only will I quit you.”

Generous as is the offer, I would not for worlds accept it. My Emma shall be brought up with strict œconomy, and will have no occasion for a large fortune——

I hear Buckley has by some means made interest, and gone to India. I watched Emmeline’s looks when we heard the news, but there was  
no



no alteration; and I am convinced she no longer thinks of him.

I am seriously uneasy about the money I raised for Mr. Welford: it was two thousand pounds; but as the man would take no security, I returned one.—The other day I was in London, and called on the attorney to pay the year's interest, and he told me, the Mr. Powis, from whom it was said to be borrowed, was not returned from Scotland, and he had no orders, so could not take the money. I observed too, that when I returned the thousand pounds, this man was very averse to take

take it; and it would certainly have struck me stronger then, but the uneasy state of my mind prevented my so much noticing it.—Some company is just come: Emmeline sends for me down: Adieu a moment.

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My spirits, my friend, are yet so agitated, that I can scarcely hold the pen. I went down, and, to my extreme surprise, found Lord Ormond and Sir Edward Conway: the former saluted me respectfully. “I hope you will pardon this intrusion, madam,” said he; “but my own inclinations were so prevalent,

lent, and Sir Edward's intreaties so strong, that I could not resist paying my compliments." I welcomed him very awkwardly, and felt seriously angry with Emmeline for thus surprising me. After we had sat some little time, "Oh, Sir Edward," said she, "in that last opera is the hardest air—I should take it as the greatest favour in the world, if you could teach it me." "Let us try it on the harpsichord," returned he:—She gave him her hand, and they were out of the room before I could speak. I rose to follow them, but Lord Ormond caught my hand. "Oh Clara, my beloved,

my



my ever-adored Clara, do not quit me." I tried to answer, but my lips refused utterance to my words. "Have I not," said he, "observed the strictest punctilios? I did not dare before affront your delicacy, but at present there is no obstacle. Seven years of sorrow have passed over me, and may I not hope a recompense?—You once honoured me with your esteem—never let me forfeit that blessing. Do not refuse a heart that has known no pleasure since it experienced the loss of you."—"Alas, my Lord!" replied I, "I was then the young gay Clara, with a moderate, though not large,

large, fortune. The scene is now changed: at twenty-five I have experienced the sorrows of an age; and the flattering dreams that then possessed my mind are fled with my fortune."

"My sorrows," returned he, "have been as great as yours. My fortune, though not expended, has been as little enjoyed. Then do not refuse me; do not seal my ruin! Your voice is my fate; and stamps my future happiness, or misery!"

He threw himself at my feet—I attempted to speak, but he prevented me—"A moment's recollection," said he—"On your lips hang the fate, the life, of your once esteemed Selby."

I could

I could not answer—a thousand different passions were struggling in my breast: I sunk into a chair, and burst into tears. He rose from the ground. “I will quit you,” said he, with an air of extreme dejection. “Clara has forgotten her faithful Selby; and never shall his presence give her pain.” “Alas!” returned I, “your presence gives me no pain. Lord Ormond has ever had an interest in my heart: but the gloomy prospect before me, and my very small fortune, will sometimes force tears.”

“And have I not enough for both?” said he; “enough to satisfy the most ambitious wishes? As yet it has been of no service: reconcile me to it then, by sharing it.”



"I must not hear you, my Lord," returned I. "The poor heart-wounded Mrs. Welford is no match for the Earl of Ormond. What would the world think, say, of such a step?"

"The whole world would envy me; and the most sincere, fervent love should obliterate the memory of our past misfortunes. Oh, Clara! would you could see my heart, in it you would find a protector for yourself, and a father for your Emma."

I cannot tell you what I felt during this discourse—difficult has been the task for years to think of him without emotion. Why will he again awaken a passion that has cost me so many tears? My heart lately  
had

had acquired a degree of ease long to it unknown. He has again forced me to feel, that in spite of my situation, for all my many, many sorrows, my breast has still a sigh for Lord Ormond.

'Twas in vain for me to raise objections: he still found something to counterbalance them. He intreated permission to visit us. I would have refused, but my heart would not let me: his noble offer (though I must not accept it) has rendered him more estimable.

Emmeline and Sir Edward soon after returned from the harpsichord; and the gentlemen took their leave.

I was displeased with Emmeline, and told her so. "I promise you," said she, "I did not know of Lord Ormond's coming: When I saw him, I certainly guessed his business; and, as I sincerely wish him success, I thought it best to take you by surprise. Excuse me, Clara, for giving, unasked, my advice: but if you refuse him, you throw an invaluable blessing from you."

"Allowing this to be true," returned I; "to procure myself happiness, shall I impose on his generosity, by giving him a needy wife, and unprovided daughter?"

"Answer me one question," said she. "Was Lord Ormond's fortune



tune as small as yours, would you marry him?"

"I believe I should," replied I; "but there is such a strange disproportion, I cannot think of it."

"Then you have more pride than love, Clara: and Lord Ormond deserves a woman whose love will be the predominant passion."

Thus contended we until dinner. Soon do I hope to see you: your company will help to regain my half lost tranquillity.—Adieu, my friend. Remember your

CLARA WELFORD.

LADY ANNE DELANY

MRS. WELFORD.

Portman-Square.

**J**UST arrived, my dear Clara, but too much fatigued to reach Twickenham. Good Lady Ferrers we found waiting for us: and you and Emmeline I expect to see to-morrow. I fancy as soon as we are settled, my cousin George and Harriet (being delighted with my example) will make a match; and I hope, Sir Edward and Emmeline

line

line will follow the example; as  
for you, I will tell you my senti-  
ments when we meet, till when  
farewell.

ANNE DELANY.



LADY ANNE DELANY

TO

LADY FERRERE.

Portman-Square.

MY DEAR AUNT,

**T**HOUGH we parted so lately  
as yesterday, I cannot resist  
scribbling to you the news of the  
day. Clara and Emmeline have  
been with me. In the afternoon  
Lord Lisimore and the Mr. Delanys  
were obliged to go out on some  
India business. Harriet went to her  
brother's Town-house as soon as  
we arrived, but promised to come  
with

Y D A I

with him, and spend the evening with us. Lord Ormond surprised us by an early visit; I cannot say I was displeased, for I immediately determined to try the force of our united influence with Clara, and accordingly whispered Emmeline with my project.

For some time we chatted common occurrences; at length I observed I was extremely happy, Harriet and George were soon to be united.

“And you, my dear Emmeline,” said I, “will, I hope, keep your favourite in countenance; Sir Edward merits you, and ’tis prudery

to refuse a man of honour, and whom you truly esteem." "Really," replied Emmeline, who perfectly understood my scheme, "a good example might go a great way; but never will I leave Clara in that dreary solitude; I have often said it, and now again declare upon my honour, I never will."

"Well then," said I, "we must persuade Clara to make it a trio. What say you, Lord Ormond, to my plan?" "That you are an angel for the proposal; and would my beloved Clara consent, I should be the happiest of mankind."

Mrs.



Mrs. Welford rose—she burst in to tears. “Never, never,” said she, “could I have expected this from Lady Anne Delany.” She attempted to quit the room, but I prevented her. “My dearest friend,” said I, embracing her, “with what can you accuse me, but wishing your happiness? The first place in my heart is my Delany’s, the second is my Clara’s: then give me the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing you united to one, who is sensible of your merit.”

“For my sake, my sister, my protectrix, my second parent,” said

the gentle Emmeline, throwing her arms round her and weeping aloud, "consent to your own, and Lord Ormond's happiness."

"My ever beloved Clara," said he, sinking on his knees before her, "do not, I conjure you, refuse me; have I not served for you a patriarchal service? Blest with your approbation, in one hour will all my sorrows be forgotten—then do not drive me to despair."

"Alas!" said she, "why do you all press me so cruelly, when my situation is known to you? Think  
of

of my circumstances, and of my little friendless girl."

"Give her a father, who will be truly such," said he, "and for her sake receive me."

"For your own, my lord, if it must be, take the poor Clara; and may my heart recompense you, for, alas! I have nothing else to give."

Never in my life, my dear aunt, did I see any thing so wildly extravagant as his raptures. — He caught her in his arms; joy for some minutes deprived him of utterance; at length he exclaimed, "This  
blessed



blest moment has overpaid all my sorrows. Clara will be mine; enchanting thought! — Lady Anne, charming Emmeline, accept my thanks. If for some time I should behave with extravagance, I pray you pardon me. Words cannot speak the joy I feel.”

I congratulated both—Emmeline embraced Mrs. Welford; “Oh, my sister,” said she, “I shall see you happy. Your goodness to me will bring blessings on your head.—Lord Ormond, how shall I rejoice to call you brother!”

A loud knock at the door, made us all try to appear more composed; it was Sir Edward and Harriet—Lord Ormond rose to meet them.

“Oh,

“Oh, Edward, you have heard all my sorrows, be witness of my joys; the excess of the one, may make you judge the rapture of the other—Clara will be mine, my friend, for ever—ever mine.”

Sir Edward seemed truly to participate the joy of his friend; he saluted Mrs. Welford respectfully; and turning to Emmeline, “And would you, dear madam,” said he, “add to the present joy, by accepting your faithful Conway, how sincerely should I feel your goodness!” “I will not damp the present happiness,” said Emmeline blushing, “take my hand—I freely own your virtues and attention have won my heart, and only wish I had sooner been sensible of your merit.”

Our

Our congratulations began again; Lord Lismore, and the Mr. Delanys soon after returned, and shared the pleasure of the company. This day fortnight is fixed for uniting our friends. The ceremony is to be privately performed at Twickenham: two days after which the amiable sisters and Harriet set out with their admiring swains, for Selby-house. I almost wish my situation did not prevent my attending them; but a circumstance that gives delight to my beloved husband, can never give pain to your

ANNE DELANY.

From



*From the same to the same.*

Twickenham.

**T**HIS morning united for ever  
our friends: Lord Ormond and  
Clara were first paired: then Sir  
Edward and Emmeline; and lastly,  
my cousin George and Harriet. —

The brides were all dressed in plain  
muslin, adorned only with their  
native charms. After the cere-  
mony we returned to our house,  
where the marriages were kept, and  
the day passed with an easy pleasing  
tranquillity, a thousand times more  
delightful than pomp and noisy  
rejoicings.

After dinner, among a number of other occurrences, Clara mentioned the thousand pounds she owed. "Tell me, Lady Anne," said she, "do I guess amiss if I think you the lender? Have not you by some means advanced that money to me as a stranger?"

"On my honour, no," said I. As I spoke my eyes met Lord Ormond's; a momentary blush crossed his cheek—it struck me instantly—"There's the creditor," said I, pointing to him, for a hundred pounds. "Well," returned he, "and as you allow some interest due, I'll take it now." He kissed Clara's hand with rapture. "Your eyes, my Clara, ask an explanation.

The

The lawyer you employed was originally steward to my father, and often transacts business for me: from him I accidentally heard the affair, and the remainder is not unknown to you — Pardon me the innocent stratagem; in future Henry will have no concealments from his Clara."

"Indeed," returned she, "had I known this before, it would have given me inexpressive pain."

"And you, charming disguiser," retorted he, "you had no secrets — but the Ariel at the masquerade was not unknown to me. — The image, the voice of Clara was too strongly imprinted on my heart and memory,



memory, for me to be deceived a moment."

Do you know, my dear aunt, I am almost angry that I did not find out Clara in her disguise — and all the cunning creatures, to hide it so carefully:—but her extreme distance from Oxfordshire, and the letters I received from her, made it impossible to suppose it.

Truly do I share the felicity of my friends; long may it continue, is the sincere wish of

ANNE DELANY.

L A D Y

LADY ORMOND.

LADY ANNE DELANY.

Selby-House.

**I** Have begged an hour from our friends, to bestow on my dear Lady Anne.—Sometimes do I fancy it all delirium:—my happiness I think too great to be real. Good Heaven! the noble, virtuous Earl of Ormond, husband to your Clara—father to her Emma!—my beloved  
Selby

Selby mine for ever! — May the Power that showered this blessing on me, teach me to receive it as I ought. You, Lady Anne, by being united to the man of your heart, may think you can imagine what I feel, but it is impossible — past sorrows doubly enhance the joy of the present hour.

Lord Ormond was the man of my first affection : beloved to the height of romantic passion — that, with many a tear, was converted into a tender remembrance, and pleasing friendship: — it is now both love and friendship, and I know not which triumphs.

Sir Edward, this morning with unparalleled generosity, insisted on



presenting Emma with ten thousand pounds. Lord Ormond did not give me time to refuse it. "If my little daughter, Edward," said he, "had not a sufficient one, I would accept your offer with pleasure." He rose and went to a cabinet; he took out a paper, and gave it Emma, who was playing, telling her to bring it me: guess my amazement when I found it a deed for fifteen thousand pounds settled on her.—I attempted to speak, but excess of gratitude made me dumb, and I could only sob my thanks on his generous bosom.

"You give me pain, my Clara," said he; "I only wished to inform Sir Edward, that Emma is not totally unprovided."

Dear

Dear Lady Anne, this kindness is too much for me. I have learned to bow beneath the rod of affliction; may I bear this excess of happiness with moderation. — In the most minute things too, he studies to oblige me. His housekeeper is lately dead, and he has appointed Davis in her room. Her son I find is placed in an advantageous farm, on Sir Edward's estate, — never can I requite all this attention.

Sir Edward and Emmeline, Mr. Delany and his amiable Harriet, present their kindest wishes—accept the same, my friend, from the happy

CLARA ORMOND.



The Reader is requested to make the following Corrections.

### ERRATA, Vol. I.

Page 12, line 11, for *yet I have heard*, read *yet so I have heard*.—Page 47, line 17, instead of *I took and kissed her again*, read *I took and kissed her—again with* &c. —Page 113, line 16, for *extorded* read *extorted*.—Page 120, line 5, for *never* read *ever*.—Page 131, line 3, instead of *convinced me I was lost*, &c. read *convinced him I to him was lost for ever*, &c.—Page 136, line 5, for *you have once*, read *you once*.—Page 137, line 9, for *having* read *with*.—Page 141, line 1, for *parents* read *parent*.—Page 147, line 10, for *his* read *our*.—Page 150, line 2, for *my only beloved*, read *my only, my beloved*.—Page 160, line 2, for *former* read *first*.

### ERRATA, Vol. II.

Page 133, line 8, for *her who is dead*, read *her's was dead*.—Page 160, line 2, for *Harriet Conway* read *Mis Conway*.—Page 191, line 15, for *conquest* read *conquest*.



